# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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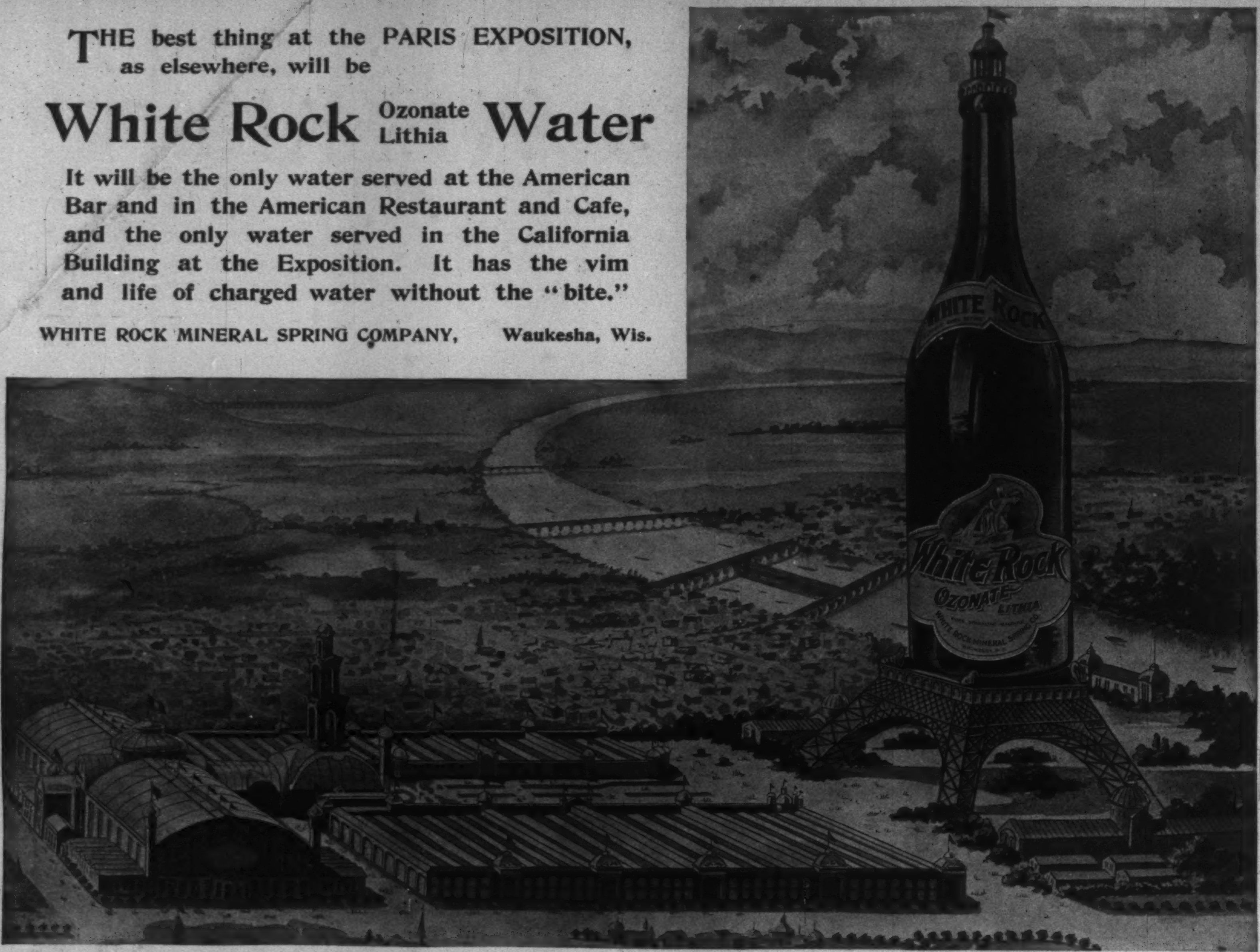

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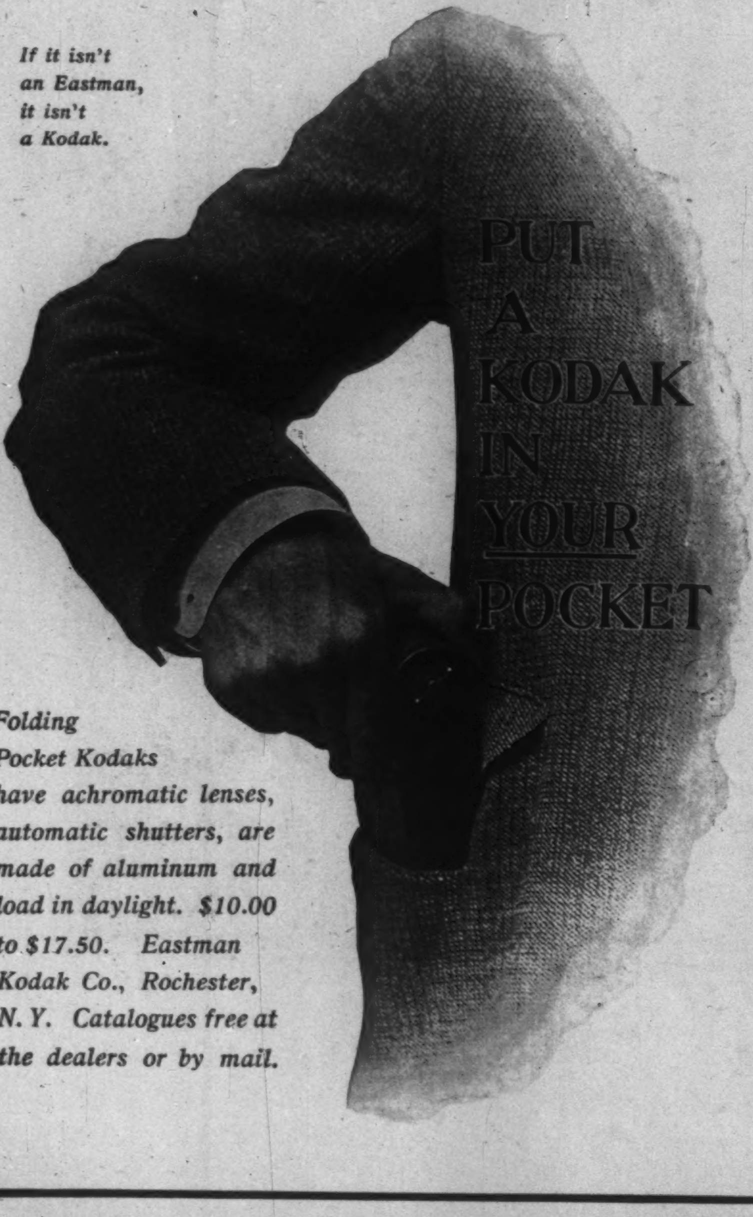

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Vol. XLIV.
No. 2263

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

May 5
1900

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J.S.

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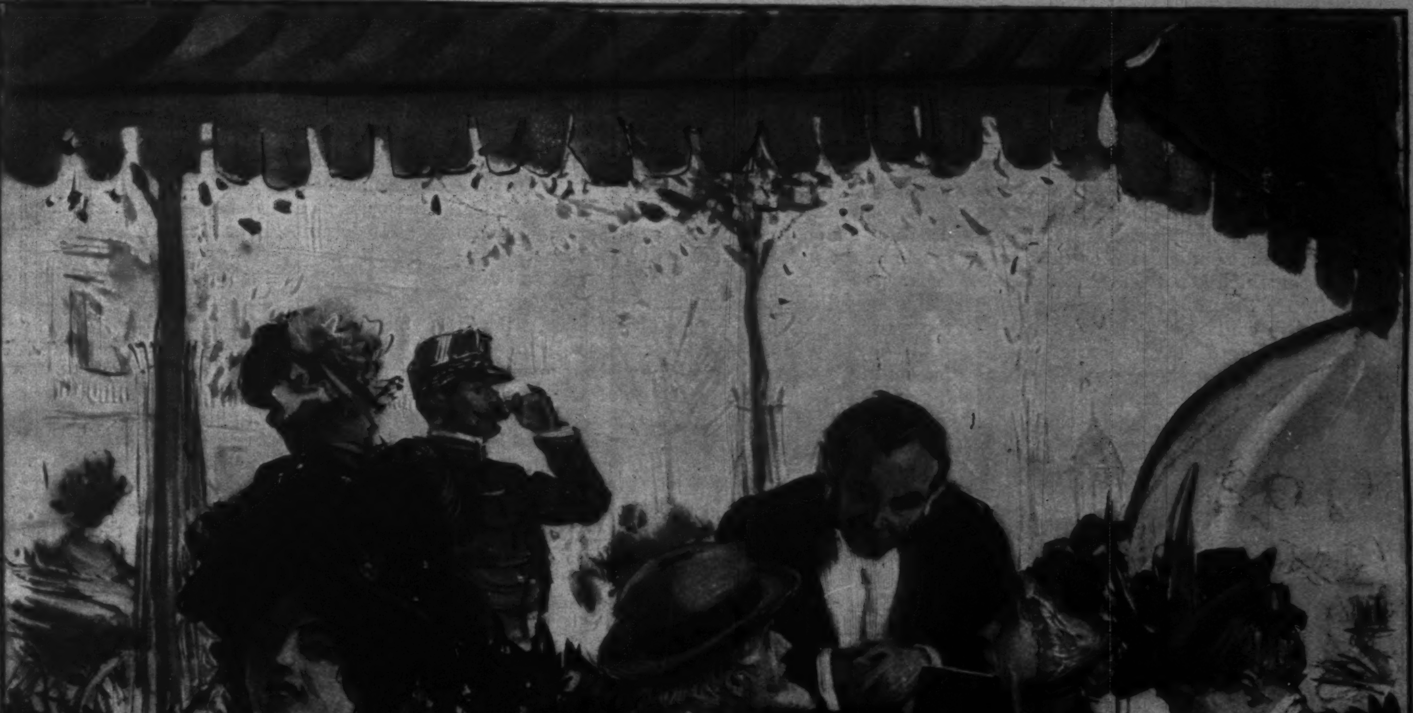


AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

DINING IN THE OPEN AIR AT A BOULEVARD CAFÉ

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 5, 1900

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

# *Sanity and the Public Welfare*

IN the early days of the South-African war there were rumors flying thick and fast reflecting upon the sanity of certain British generals. It was openly stated that General Methuen was insane, and that his lamented subordinate, General Wauchope, was a victim to the mad orders of a crazy man, and that he went to certain death with the full knowledge that his commanding officer was of unbalanced mind, but for the sake of discipline obeyed unquestioningly his orders. Nothing has occurred since to demonstrate the truth or the falsity of these statements, nor is it our purpose here to discuss the rumors, save as they open up a line of thought which is not wholly unconnected with the welfare of thousands of our own people. An unsound mind in control of large responsibilities is a terrible menace to the public welfare. A mad general can wreak more damage in a moment upon his own following than an army of disciplined enemies can accomplish in a whole campaign. When one thinks of how many thousands of lives are actually held daily in the hands of the railway engineers one shudders to think of the results which might follow an instant's aberration of the brain that controls the throttle. Similarly on the sanity of a single individual in many other branches of human endeavor depends the safety of thousands upon thousands of people. Even the temporary suspension of the curious mental processes of the average motorman of to-day would probably result in the loss of life and property. But outside of our armies and our railroads and our trolley-cars there are other dangers to the public welfare from the unsound of mind, which should be recognized and dealt with promptly. In these days of large corporate interests, many of which are on the defensive even when most honorably managed, it is important that the controlling hand should be the instrument of a sound judgment—a judgment that is sound not only intellectually, but morally. One would not choose a retired burglar for a night watchman, any more than a mother would place the care of her child in the hands of a maid recently discharged from Bloomingdale. Neither, equally, should any large corporation, which has invited the investment in its shares of the money of countless confiding people, which controls the welfare of thousands of laborers in a great industry, intrust the management of its affairs to one who is in all essential points neither more nor less than a gambler. In a sense an error of this sort is a mistake that is the equivalent of a crime, and especially so in days like these, when attacks upon the rights of vested capital are as unreasoning as they are widespread, as unjust as they are malicious, as disturbing to business conditions, and therefore to the general welfare, as they are persistent. It is unfortunately the truth that the morale of the mass is judged by the weakness of the individual. There is more rejoicing upon earth over one erring brother who is found out than over a hundred just persons who have nothing to conceal, and any man, or any set of men, who deliberately and for the sake of private gain place ammunition in the hands of a vicious antagonism are traitors to their own cause and should be treated as such.

For the business honor of the whole community, for the safety of those who have managed to store up a portion of their earnings, for the welfare of thousands of workers in certain fields, for the honorable development of a great industry, and for the political safety of a great nation, a gambler in a high place who stakes honor, credit, everything, upon a speculation of his own which imperils the ascertainable rights of others, should be placed in the pillory and given as short a shrift as any lesser criminal who falls into the clutches of the law. Happily enough, despite the impressions of the mass of people who are misled by unscrupulous agitators, the moral sense of the business world to-day is of a high order. Most of the great concerns of commerce are managed well and honorably, but once in a while a factor of disease enters into the business community and the whole body is thereby imperilled. It is at such moments that prompt and drastic action is needed. There should be no more temporizing with it when definitely located than there would be with the bubonic plague should it suddenly appear among us.

### A Vexatious Problem

ADMIRAL DEWEY is finding that even if the Presidential office is a bed of roses, the pathway that leads to that high position is strewn with thorns. By the time this paragraph appears in print, the Admiral will have had to decide whether he will sit on a Union-made grand-stand at Chicago, while reviewing the parade given in his honor, or grace the stand erected by those who are fighting against the demands of organized labor. This is a vexatious choice which would have disturbed even Hobson—not the ex-hero, but the other Hobson—but for a man who wants to be President of the United States and who has to figure out the relative value of things it is almost prostrating. For our own part, we think we should rather have the Admiral's old Manila Bay problem to solve than this one. The situation is furthermore complicated by the threat that if the Admiral does not sit on the Union stand there will be no music in the parade, which will be a serious drawback. A parade without a band is a solemn and a melancholy thing, as any small boy who stands on the gutter kerb as the procession passes will tell you. The measured tread of troops going to war has an inspiring sound, with or without music, but in times of peace thirty thousand men walking about the streets with no especial object in view need here and there a bit of martial measure to surround them with an atmosphere of glory. On the whole, in this emergency, we think the Admiral would have been happier in his old-time capacity of Idol-in-Chief to the American people, with nothing to do but submit to adoration, than he can possibly be as candidate for the Presidency, with a thousand petty little problems confronting him at every turn.

### Dewey's Platform

WE have little sympathy with those who chide Admiral Dewey for keeping his platform to himself until he is ready to send it forth. It is not his way to let the enemy into the secrets of his ammunition-room. If he has bombs with which to carry discomfiture to the foe he is not the kind of man to let the foe inspect them before it is time to use them, and action in the face of unreadiness for the particular object he has had in view was never characteristic of the man. When Admiral Dewey's platform is ready he will let us have it, but until then we need expect no word from him. Meanwhile the public have a fine opportunity to amuse themselves with guesses as to the various planks by which it is to be constituted. We suspect that when the Admiral made his reconnaissance he was of the opinion that the bridge of the *Olympia* was the only platform he needed to stand on with comfort to himself and to the satisfaction of his countrymen; but he has, of course, changed his mind since in that particular, and it is unreasonable to expect that in the few days that have elapsed since his discovery of its inadequacy he should have been able, with all his other duties, to construct a comprehensive scheme upon which to go before the people.

We wish to add that, in our judgment, those who predict that Admiral Dewey will measure out this mysterious platform of his on the instalment plan misunderstand wofully the temper of the man. An ordinary sailor, to save a drowning comrade, might, at proper intervals, throw single planks into the sea as the unfortunate principal happened to need them, but a seaman of Dewey's calibre will never engage in so futile and dubious an enterprise. The Admiral is not the man to throw a lot of raw material to an unfortunate struggler against the overwhelming waters of a turbulent sea, with instructions to build himself a ship and sail ashore. He is far more practical, and whatever he does he will do with his customary thoroughness. It is, therefore, safe to assume that when Admiral Dewey starts definitely about rescuing Uncle Sam from the seething maelstrom of politics, his platform will be full rigged, stanch, properly caulked, and complete in every respect.

### The United States at Paris

IT is pleasing news that of all the exhibits at the opening of the Paris Exposition, that of the United States was the most complete and ready. It is all very true that the race is not always to the swift, but we are glad that it is not the American way to make that wise remark a conspicuous feature of our platform. We have never regarded the charming fable of the hare and the tortoise as a narrative likely to exert a strong moral influence upon the young. On the contrary, we have a very decided opinion that if the diverting incident had been removed from the story-books of our youth, we should have fewer shell-bound obstacles to progress in these days when those who would keep up with the procession have to make leaps which suggest the kangaroo rather than the hare even. Great credit is due to Commissioner Peck and his able corps of assistants for having placed us before the eyes of other nations in a state of preparedness which is daily becoming more and more characteristic of our way of doing things. We trust that when it comes to the awarding of the prizes of honor we shall still be found very much to the front.

### The Ousting of Quay

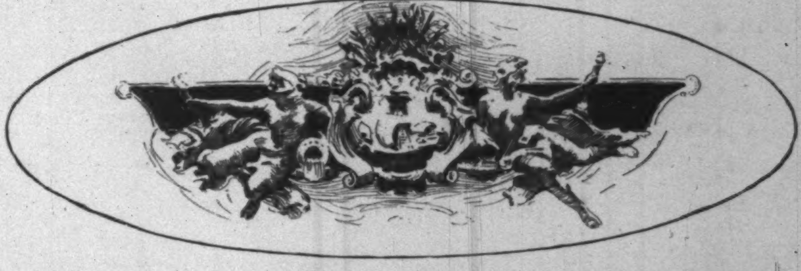
THE house-cleaning of the Senate is progressing satisfactorily, and the American citizen may now settle down to the comfortable reflection that that illustrious body is about as spick and span as a reasonable person can hope to have it. It does not make much difference whether Mr. Quay was removed from his sphere of influence by a narrow squeak or not. The fact that he is out at last is the main thing, and the public have a perfect right to draw a long breath of relief at the final removal from a position of honor of a man who never should have attained to it. It is quite satisfactory, too, to observe that many of those who voted to oust him are not the men who have inspired the most confidence in the country. When the men we expect the least of do the right thing, we need not despair because men who ought to have known better showed themselves lacking in a sense of propriety.

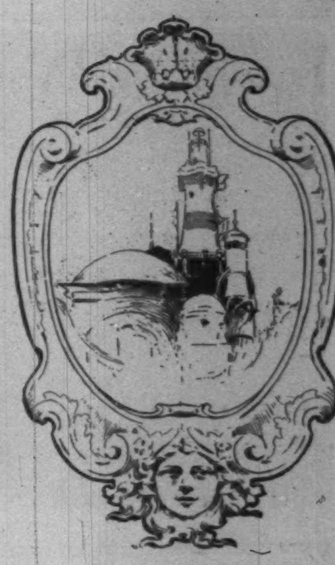
Messrs. Quay and Clark should now avail themselves of the opportunities offered by our new possessions. These gentlemen might join the forces of Aguinaldo. A letter from Senator Hoar introducing Mr. Quay to his great and good friend the Filipino chief would probably secure appointments for both of them more suited to their talents than the making of laws for a great nation.

### The Ecumenical Conference and the Newspapers

IF the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, desires to get some idea of a truly Christian daily newspaper, he cannot do better than to secure copies of the leading journals of New York city published last week. It is an encouraging sign to find the most important newspapers of the country devoting so much space to the doings of the Ecumenical Conference, and it is not too much to say that on any one page of any of these journals issued during the week were to be found more helpful suggestion, more practical Christianity, less fuss and fewer feathers, less pose and more sincerity, than could be discovered in the whole output of the Topeka *Capital* presses during the Sheldon régime. There are various ways of doing things, and generally most of those ways are the wrong ones. Mr. Sheldon's way was the wrong way, but the methods of the distinguished New York editors came pretty close to the ideal.

We congratulate the eminent divines whose conference has proved so notable a success upon having chosen what one of their number called "the second heathen city of the world" for their place of meeting. In some more heavenly spot their labors might have lacked that contrast which wide-open New York used merely as a background has given them, and which, as the event has proved, has made the tremendous results of their Christianizing efforts more conspicuous than they might otherwise have been.





# THE OPENING OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

## BY EDWARD INSLEY

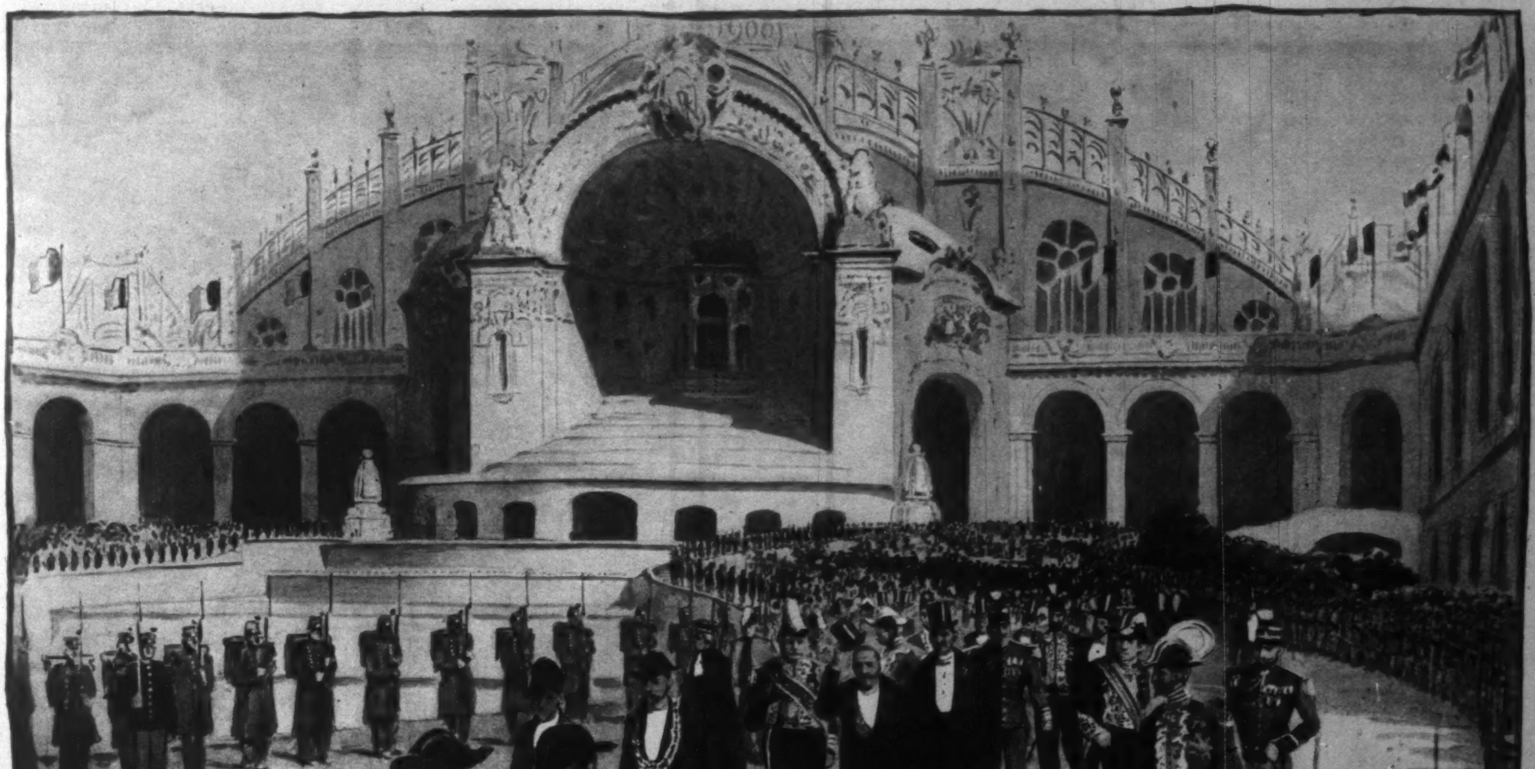
RADIANT sunlight smiled upon waters often lashed by storms, when out of the restless foam sprang Aphrodite, a goddess more beautiful than the composite memory of a thousand sated imaginations. On such another natal day, with storms past and others signalled to windward, but under the blue dome of a mackerel-sky and with Nature's glorious benediction, was born that "synthesis of the century's art and philosophy," the Paris Exposition of 1900. The chronic analyst might use the surgeon's knife to find imperfections beneath the periphery of lovely Aphrodite, and even an amorous Strephon discovered faults in heavenly Chloë. But let us at least give a welcome to that which the gods vouchsafe. Whatever may be said or written in criticism of the Exposition, its unpreparedness or minor deficiencies, we must confess its magnificence, and praise should precede and discount all such disparagement.

While the result seems to prove that a mistake was made in changing the date for the opening from May 5 to April 15, it was not an error in theory, for it added to the Exposition period three of the most delightful weeks of the year so far as weather is concerned, a priceless boon to those who do not enjoy sight-seeing in warm weather. Indeed, one exposition, the second of the great international series to be held in France, began on April 1. But that was a third of a century ago, and the makers of these expositions, many of them scattered throughout the civilized world, have become accustomed to getting ready some weeks later. The last one held in Paris started on May 6, and that of 1878 on May 1. It seems a great pity, however, that with years in which to prepare, a miscalculation of three weeks in the amount of work and energy necessary should have been made. Three weeks from Easter probably the Fair will be reasonably complete. The splendid cascade which is to be the crowning glory of the Champ de Mars will not be ready, possibly, till the last of June.

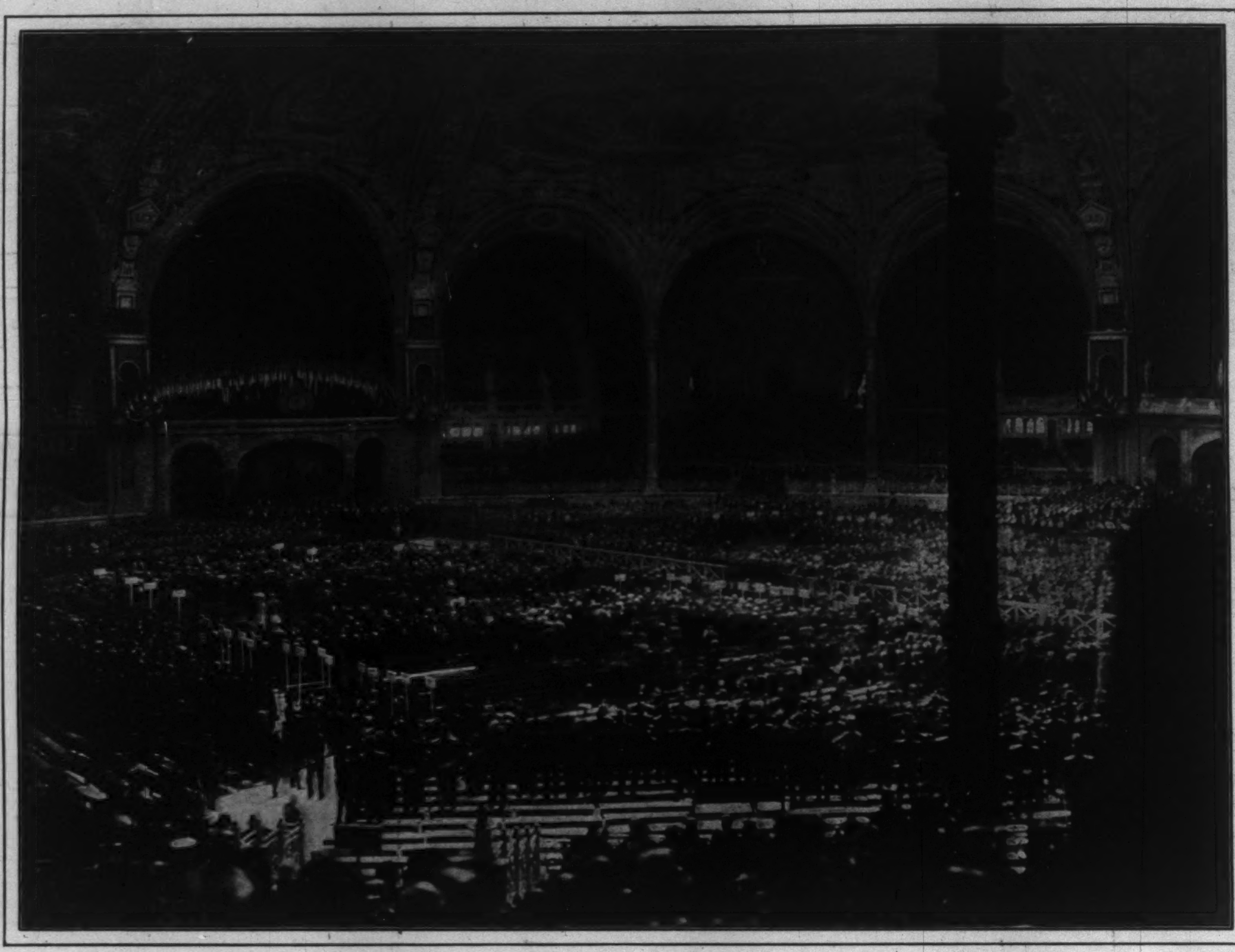
Nothing was finished at Easter. Bare patches marred even the exterior of most of the larger buildings, and some of the smaller ones had not been begun. Mud, sand, and débris occupied much of the ground space where gardens will bloom in time. Empty show-cases, railings, and some heavy machinery littered the immense halls devoted to the various industries. The Art Palaces themselves, the only ones of the entire number under the exclusive control of the French Commission, which are alleged to be finished in detail, are far from being ready for the public, inasmuch as the pictures which will constitute the exhibit are still being allotted places—on diagrams. But the half-million of Parisians who crowded through the gates on the opening Sunday and the succeeding holiday thoroughly enjoyed themselves, admired enthusiastically what they saw, and found nothing to condemn. This being true, why should not the barbarians from England and America be satisfied? And in truth, from the view-point of the resident in Paris, be he native or foreign, the unreadiness of the Exposition has a distinct advantage. When six hours' rapid walk is required to pass in succession the fronts of all the buildings, leaving no time to dawdle in contemplation, the necessity of doing nothing else affords the incentive for comprehensive and profitable study of the exteriors while waiting for the interiors to become presentable.

One might think that the authorities would have been impelled by a sense of a personal pride in their own work to postpone the opening of the gates, or that they would have been moved thereto by an aroused public conscience, which some one has dubiously asserted to be superior to personal conscience. But apparently neither of these influences was developed. The Anglo-Saxon mind is forced to fall back upon Thackeray's negative conclusion that only the French understand the French.

With all their fierce passions, mercurial temperament, and keen sensibilities, the French have the commercial instinct strongly developed. Probably no other nation in the world would appreciate more highly the purely artistic aspect of the Exposition. To realize this, one has only to watch the absorbed devotion of the poorer classes to the pictures in the public galleries in Paris. But expositions have become familiar to Paris. There has been one every eleven or twelve years for the last century, and they have come to be regarded—as they would be under the same circumstances in Chicago or New York—as a recognized institution for attracting money to the city. The com-



PRESIDENT LOUBET LEAVING THE SALLE DES FETES TO INSPECT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—OPENING CEREMONIES IN THE SALLE DES FÊTES.

mercial interests feel a vested right in them, and this is the element responsible for the premature opening of the Exposition this year. No other class of people would have been offended if the date had been changed again to the one at first selected. But so delicately are political balances adjusted in the national Legislature that the ministry did not dare risk offending the powerful business interest.

To some of our good people who cherish to a large degree the Puritan idea of Sunday, and to millions more who are simply accustomed to the quietude of the day of rest which obtains in England and America, it may seem little short of sacrilege to begin the Exposition on Sunday, and Easter Sunday at that. It would be difficult to determine which are the more astonished at the others' manner of observing Sunday, the Continental or the Anglo-Saxon nations. From the former's point of view our restraint of gayety and amusement on Sunday is an anachronism. The Catholic Church, which dominates the religious feeling in France, and in all the Latin countries, has never set its seal of approval on a rigid observance of Sunday as a holy day, and even the Lutheran Protestant countries of Europe still follow the practice which Luther himself commended, of seeking recreation the first day of the week. John Knox relates that he found Calvin playing bowls on a Sunday, and England herself pursued the Continental way of spending the day as late as the reign of Elizabeth.

I have referred to this matter of Sunday more particularly for the reason that it is liable to take on an aspect of international political importance during the Exposition period. A statement has been published in Paris to the effect that President McKinley had directed our Commission to close the American building on Sundays. The Commissioners say they "have not decided the question as yet." In the present unfinished condition of the Fair the decision—or its announcement—may easily be postponed for a while, but not for long. Undoubtedly the British pavilion and exhibits will be closed on that day. In 1889 the few British exhibitors who rashly followed the general example and kept their booths open were blackmailed by publications at home until they were forced to close. It will create no surprise to find the British building on the Quai d'Orsay and exhibits in the eighteen different classes closed on Sunday. But when the United States follows suit, it will accentuate in the minds of the already prejudiced French public the impression that the Americans and the hated English are one and the same. England has always been detested by the French, and the Boer war has increased this antipathy to an acute pitch. On the great national weekly holiday—when the people who make French opinion go to the Exposition and find America, like England, slamming her doors in their faces, they will be confirmed in their strong impression that we are, like the English, their natural enemies. Nor will this impression be confined to the French alone. It will be felt and carried home by the visitors from the whole of Continental Europe. No amount of wise statesmanship and avoiding of foreign entanglements at home will serve to counteract the damage which is sure to be done us abroad in the present state of Continental resentment against Great Britain. In 1889 the difficulty was avoided by the circumstance that foreign nations did not participate officially in the exposition; neither our government nor Great Britain had a national pavilion. And there was no such public excitement as the Boer war has created.

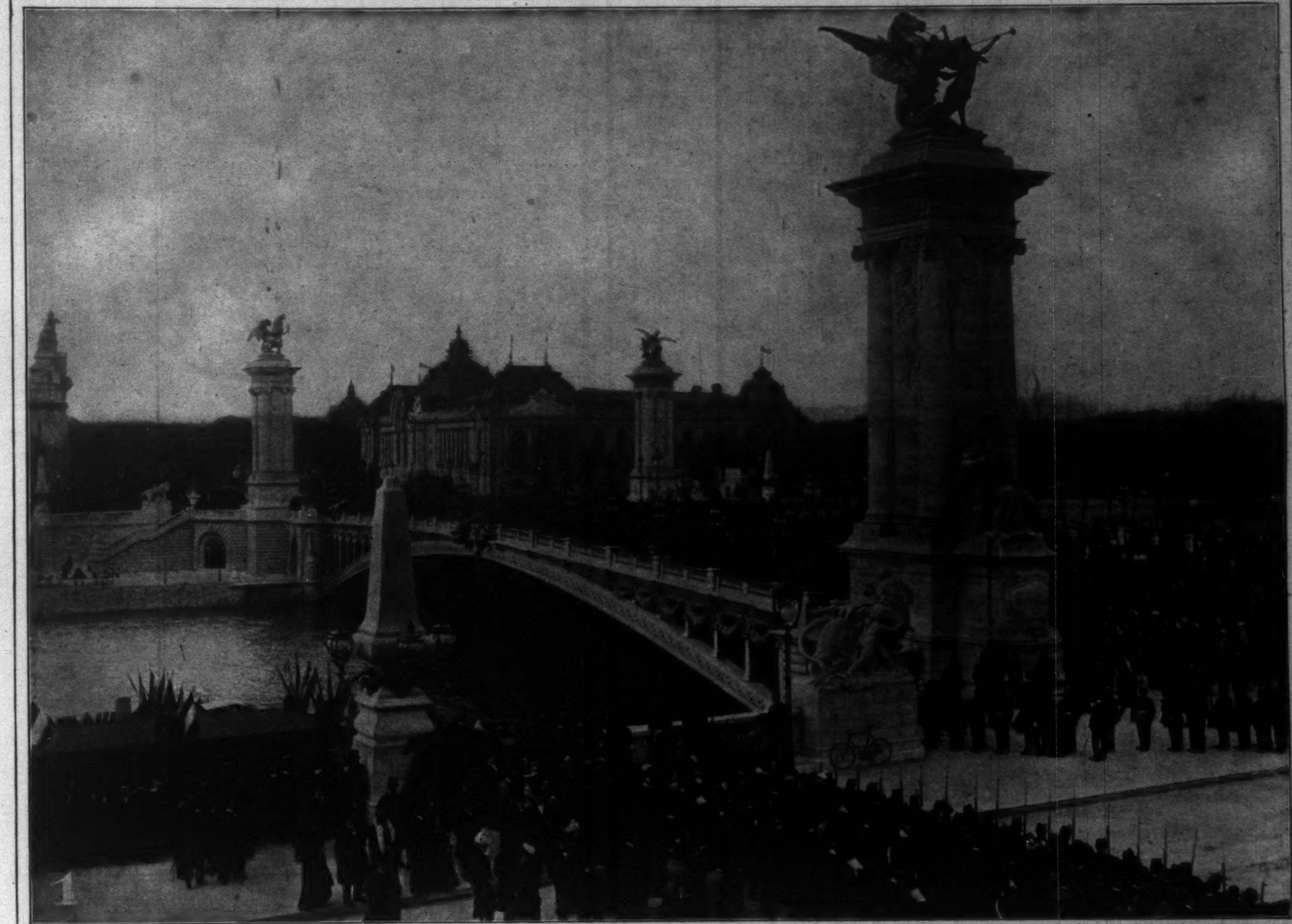
It was not with the idea of avoiding Sunday desecration that the inaugural ceremonies were held the previous day, April 14. The statute provided that the Exposition should be opened on Sunday, April 15, but large as the great Salle des Fêtes is, it would not have held five per cent. of those who would have tried to gain admittance if the doors had been opened to the Sunday throng. Hence only those came who were bidden by special invitation, and the public contented itself with looking at the soldiers in the street and striving to catch glimpses of the carriages of the President and the other dignitaries. Exhaustive descriptions of the scene and of the proceedings have been published in the daily papers, and it is not my intention to transgress upon what is their peculiar province. But I doubt if full justice has been done to the Salle des Fêtes itself, that magnificent auditorium constructed in Machinery Hall for the holding of great assemblages. There is nothing in America which furnishes an adequate comparison. In interior dimensions it greatly exceeds the Auditorium of Chicago and the Metropolitan Opera House, yet it is not built as a theatre, but has immense floor space, with galleries quite out of the way under the arches that support the dome. Neither can it be likened to Madison Square Garden, or the Colosseum at Chicago, its mural decorations alone, independent of the beauty and unity of its design, forbidding the idea. Yet as I saw it at the inaugural it reminded me most forcibly of the Chicago Colosseum at the time of the Democratic convention in 1896, not so much because of the 14,000 people present, as the numerous little white boards stuck up all over the floor, looking exactly like the signs used to designate the positions of State delegations. The Senators and Deputies occupied two of these sections immediately in front of the President's tribune, and others were filled by attachés of foreign embassies, members of state and civil departments, and representatives of the press. The civilian wealth and fashion of Paris crowded the galleries. Those who did not wear uniforms were in evening dress, as is customary at state functions, out of respect for the President. Many Americans, however, wore ordinary morning dress and frock-coats.

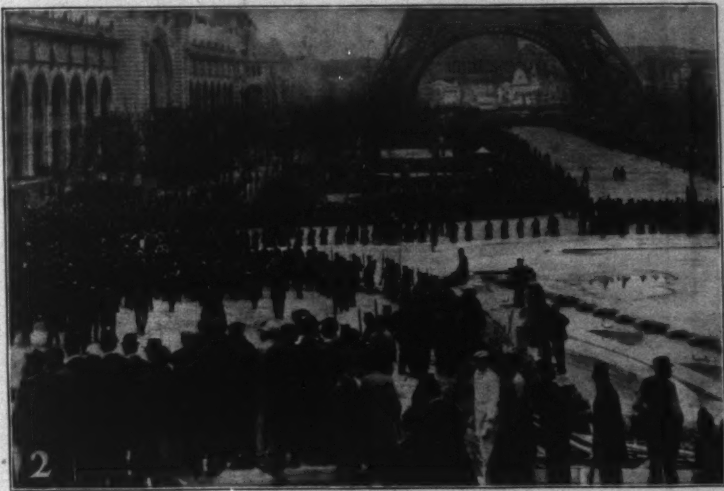
There may have been a certain republican simplicity about the affair to those accustomed to the pomp and ceremony of foreign courts, yet the conspicuous grand cordon of the Legion of Honor worn by President Loubet would in itself have given to it an aspect of "tinsel and stage-play" for American beholders. Imagine President McKinley or Mr. Cleveland in a red sash! President Loubet, however, makes a pleasing impression with his short gray beard and spectacles. He is much like one of those nice respectable old gentlemen that Indiana or Iowa might take from a farm or quiet home in a small village and exalt to the highest honor. His reception by the great audience was respectful and cordial, but hardly as enthusiastic as the applause given M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce, who is a man of entirely different type. The Socialist leader is in appearance the personification of the position he occupies in French politics. He looks the part of the keen politician and the accomplished man of the world, virile, and intense, with a highly developed nervous organization well under control, dangerous as an enemy, powerful as a friend, and capable of making great use of opportunity.

As a whole, the inaugural was somewhat disappointing. It consisted only of the speeches of MM. Millerand and Loubet, and music by the Garde République band, assisted by a chorus from the Opéra. In addition to the usual "Marseillaise," three of the grandest works of three great French composers were performed in a way that is seldom one's good fortune to hear. This feature of the ceremony should have been impressive, but the audience—or the greater part of it—did not listen. Thousands were standing and engaged in conversation, and only the rising and falling cadences of the glorious melodies were audible at a distance from the music-stand.

The celebration was continued that evening and the next two days by the public—so it was reported—the day after Easter being a holiday. But with the exception of the large crowd in the streets, particularly near the Exposition, there was little perceptible difference from an ordinary Sunday in Paris. It did not partake of the joyousness of Mi-Carême or the July fêtes. The decorations and illuminations at night were disappointing. Flags were displayed on all the government buildings, but not on many business houses. No ropes or strings of small electric lights were utilized anywhere. Rows of tiny gas-jets served the purpose so far as was deemed necessary, and, to the extent to which they were used, probably quite as well. The electric light has not the same vogue in Paris it has in American cities, or even in London.

In the hope for the fullest possible success of the Exposition in every respect Americans should join most heartily, for we have over three times as many exhibits as any other foreign nation, and after France we have the most at stake.

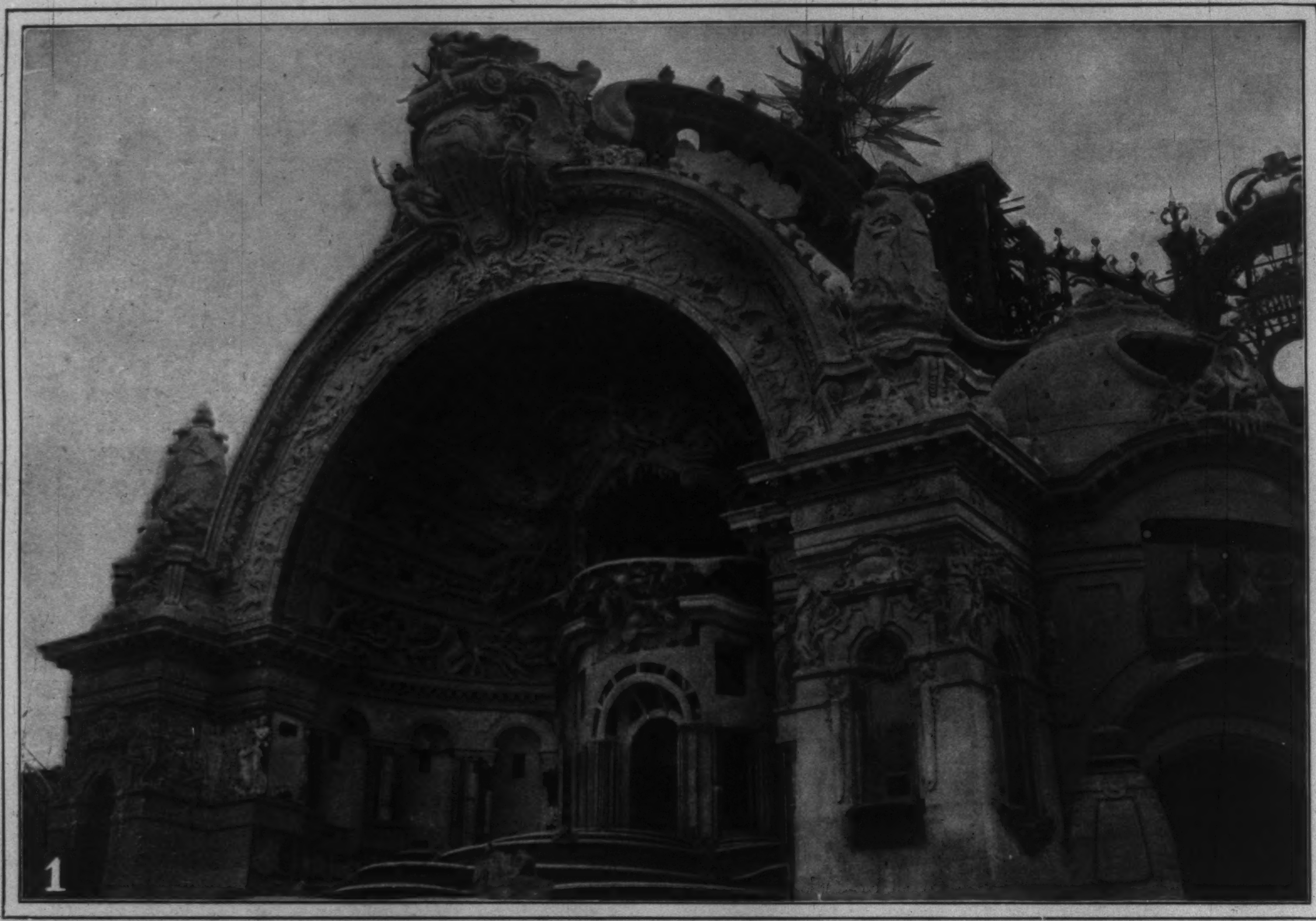


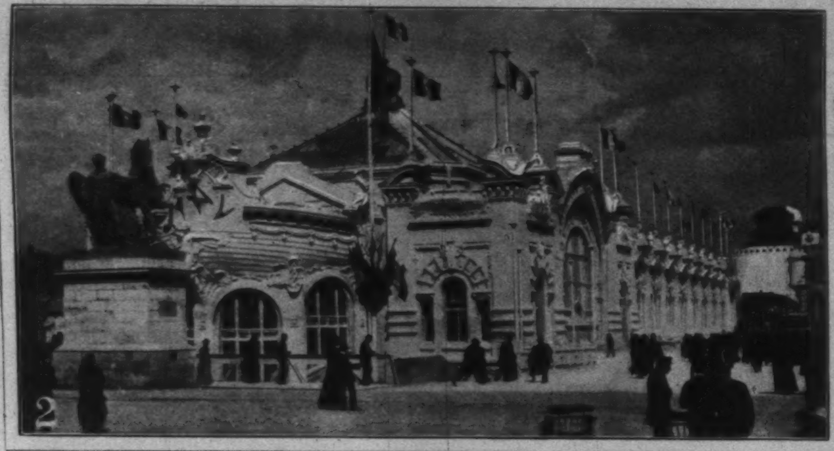


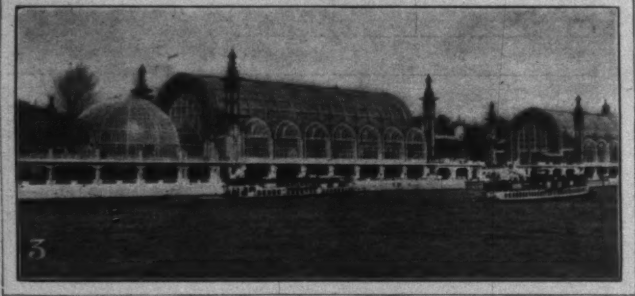
OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION, APRIL 14, 1900.

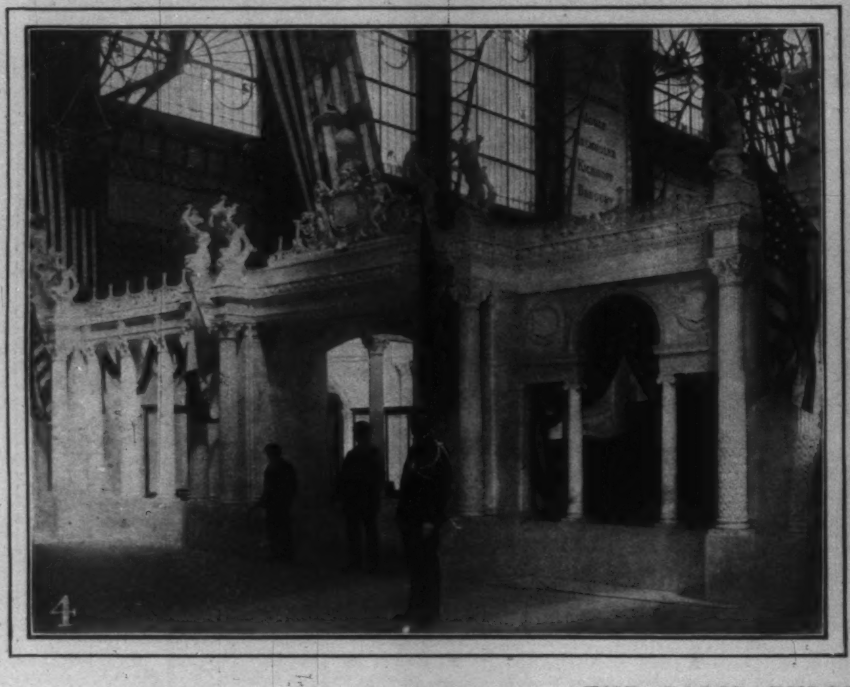
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

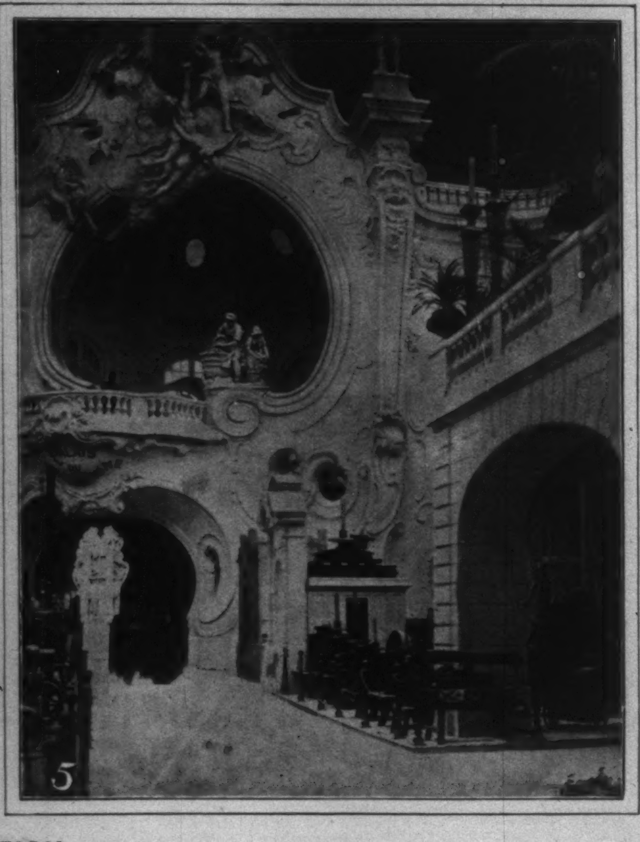
1. The official Opening of the new Bridge Alexandre III., President Loubet and Party crossing. 2. The Presidential Parade through the Exposition Grounds. 3. Main Entrance of the Exposition. 4. The Diplomatic Corps accompanying the President through the Grounds.











THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

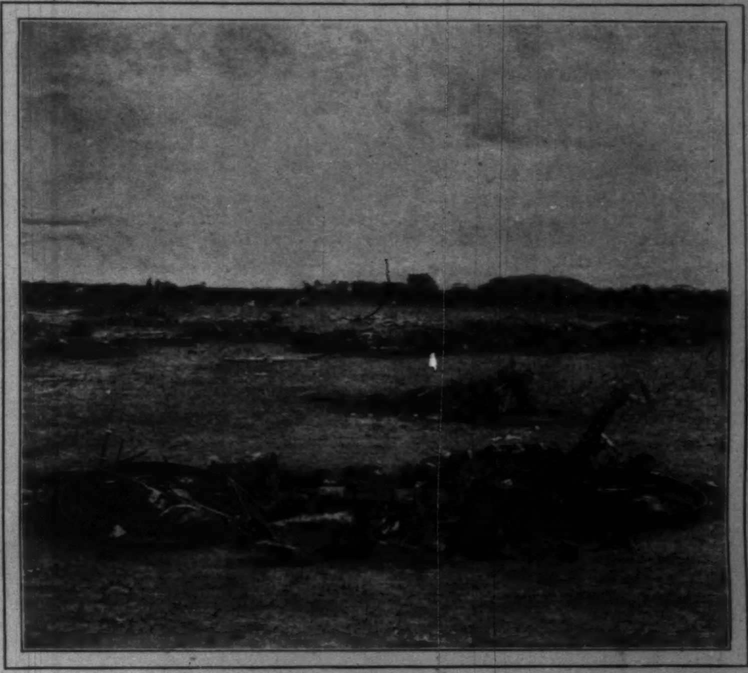
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. Decoration on the Dome of the Water Palace. 2. The Commercial Navigation Building. 3. The Agricultural Building. 4 Exterior of the American Electrical Exhibit. 5. The Champagne Palace.

SORTING CARTRIDGES CAPTURED FROM THE BOERS.

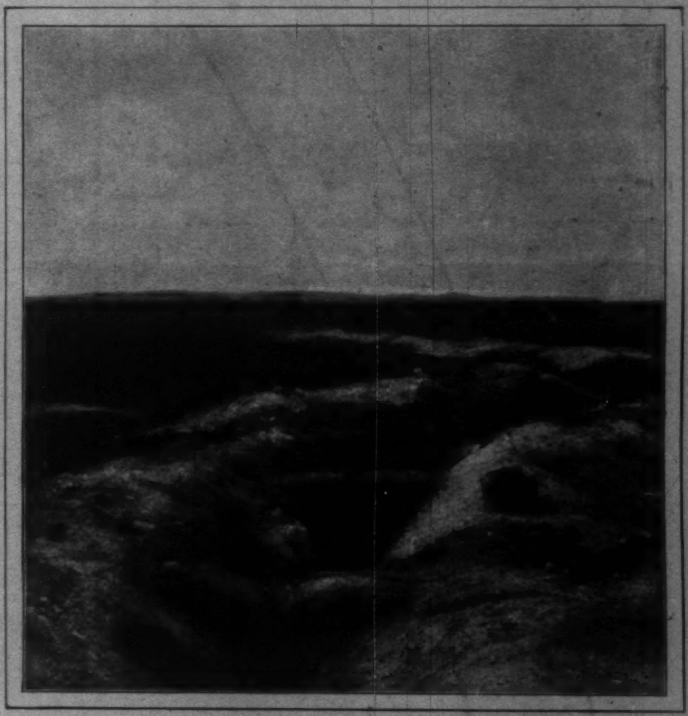
TAKING ACCOUNT OF CAPTURED SADDLES.

RIFLES TAKEN FROM THE BOERS.



THE BURNED WAGONS OF CRONJE'S TRANSPORT.

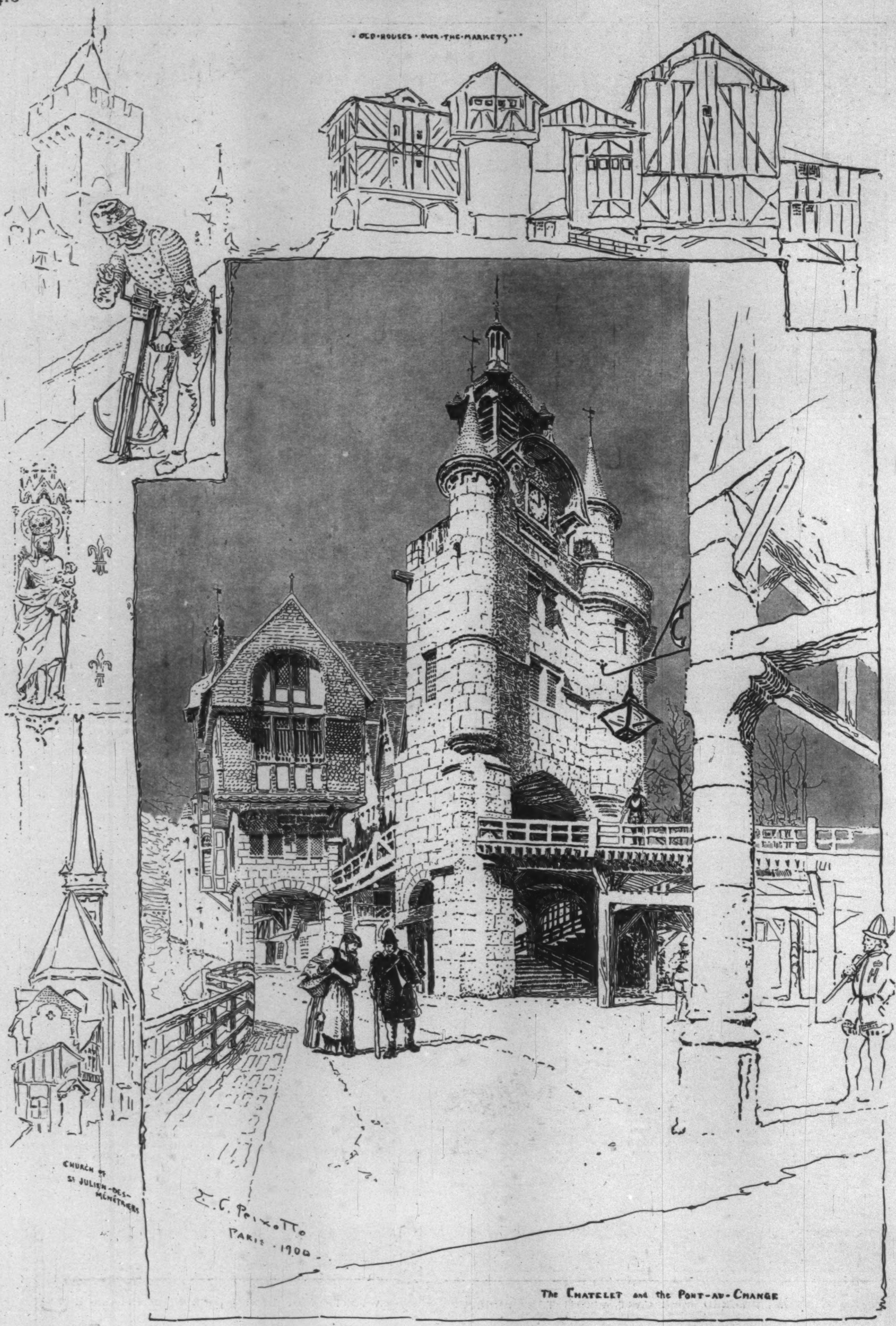
MOVING A CAPTURED BOER CART ACROSS THE MODDER.



A PORTION OF GENERAL CRONJE'S INTRENCHMENTS.

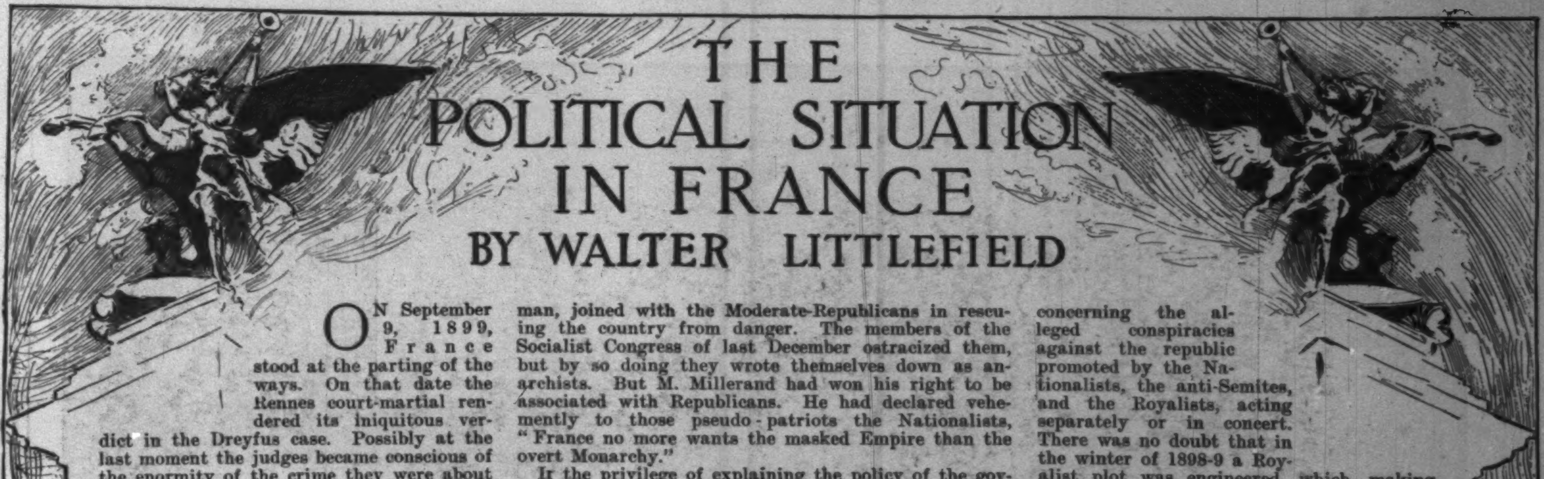
## THE SPOILS OF WAR.

SCENES AFTER THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE'S ARMY AT PAARDEBERG.


• OLD • HOUSES • OVER • THE • MARKETS • • •
CHURCH OF St JULIEN-DES-MÉNÉTRIERS
E. C. Peixotto
PARIS · 1900
The CHATELET and the PONT-AU-CHANGE

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

SKETCHES IN "OLD PARIS" BY E. C. PEIXOTTO



# THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE

## BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD

ON September 9, 1899, France stood at the parting of the ways. On that date the Rennes court-martial rendered its iniquitous verdict in the Dreyfus case. Possibly at the last moment the judges became conscious of the enormity of the crime they were about to commit, for they tempered the declaration of treason with the extraordinary phrase of "extenuating circumstances." They dared not divorce themselves utterly from the clerico-military oligarchy, whose slaves they were, and whose slaves their esprit militaire caused them to remain. To clear the air, and to insure a period of tranquillity while matters of actual vital importance to the nation could be attended to, the government pardoned Dreyfus.

A most revolting picture had been revealed. The army had showed itself irreconcilable with republican institutions, with law, with justice—an enemy of truth. Its chiefs, who had so valiantly attempted to protect its "honor" in Rennes, stood unmasked as perjurers, and instigators of forgery, possibly as instigators of murder. The Zola trials, the persecutions of Picquart and of Reinach, showed the civil judiciary to be a detestable panderer to the general staff. Race war was imminent. There was no public opinion, for there was no national press that possessed a conscience. The Rennes trial had demonstrated that it was a most unpardonable thing to have a conscience and to obey it. The men who, in 1871, had fought for the establishment of legislative control, saw that the image, the pedestal of which they had constructed with so much sincere endeavor, had knees of clay, and that the whole structure was on the verge of dissolution. Stirred with personal, selfish motives, Nationalists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, were clamoring for the downfall of the government which had dared to invite the army to retrieve its disgrace of five years.

In the mean time, among the sober, intelligent men of France, the spirit of '71 was aroused again. They at least understood the danger that threatened their beloved country. Gray-haired professors left the seclusion of the Sorbonne and went about France explaining to curious audiences the fundamental principles of democratic government which had been so distorted in the last twenty-five years. With an eloquence born of their younger days, they waved France back from the abyss that yawned before her. They laid bare the deplorable moral state which had excited the contempt and pity of foreigners. They dared to declare that the people of France had merited this contempt and this pity. They taught Frenchmen that the way to win back the fair name of their country was to respect themselves, and that this name was worth having. They were tireless in their exertions. Their words, in time, produced a good effect.

Standing in superb isolation, yet encouraged by the awakening conscience of France, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry began its stupendous task of rehabilitating their country in the eyes of the world. The time before the opening of the Exposition was short, and there was much to do. The names of three men, at least, members of the present government, should go down to posterity with great honor—M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Premier and Minister of the Interior; Général le Marquis de Galliffet Minister of War; and M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce, a Socialist.

In the previous June the members of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry had put aside all personal ambition, had buried all party strife, and had constituted themselves a "Cabinet of Republican Defence," with the sole motive of protecting France from internal foes while the *cause célèbre* was being pressed to a legal solution. On questions of sociology, political economy, foreign policy, they differed widely, but upon the sole great issue they stood as one. "To refuse to join in this work," declared M. Millerand before an audience of Socialists at Limoges, "would have been, on the part of Socialists, to justify the accusations of their most perfidious adversaries, who even dare to refuse to give them the name of Republicans." It was thus that the Socialist minister placed patriotism above party, just as Jaurès had done. These two men have been upbraided by the *canaille* of Paris, who declared that Millerand, being a Socialist, had no right to accept a portfolio in a Republican cabinet. But Millerand emerged from the strife of factions followed by the best elements in his party. On more than one occasion have Socialist Deputies, who had faith in this man, joined with the Moderate-Republicans in rescuing the country from danger. The members of the Socialist Congress of last December ostracized them, but by so doing they wrote themselves down as anarchists. But M. Millerand had won his right to be associated with Republicans. He had declared vehemently to those pseudo-patriots the Nationalists, "France no more wants the masked Empire than the overt Monarchy."

If the privilege of explaining the policy of the government naturally fell to the Socialist orator Millerand, the duty of pressing upon the Chambers the necessity of civil reforms fell to the lot of the Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Dreyfus had been kept in prison for seventeen days without being allowed to see his counsel. A bill was introduced and passed which gave the right to a prisoner to call in counsel within twenty-four hours after his arrest. The Rennes court-martial, as had been the case of the 1894 judges before it, had conducted the case without more than the rudimentary knowledge of legal procedure. When in doubt about a question decision was invariably to the disadvantage of the defendant. A law was passed making it necessary for courts-martial to employ properly authorized legal counsel. In order to prevent the Dreyfus case from ever again assuming the proportions of a national question, a general amnesty bill was introduced which would put an end to all criminal and civil prosecutions arising from the *cause célèbre*, and while it would grant immunity to General Mercier, it also precluded any further efforts of Dreyfus to secure rehabilitation through the usual legal channels. Naturally this bill was strongly opposed by the Dreyfusards, particularly by MM. Zola, Picquart, and Reinach, who on their own account wished the courts to undo the sentences passed upon them. But more than all, it seemed manifestly unjust that Dreyfus should be forced to resign all hope of legal action, should the opportunity ever present itself to him to bring his case once more before the Cour de Cassation in the proper way. It was equally unjust to him, but more especially a blemish on national honor, that Mercier, who was solely responsible for the monstrous error of justice in 1894, and for its perpetuation, should be forever freed from all consequences of his crime. The general whitewashing character of this bill caused the Dreyfusards, for a time, to regard M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues with suspicion. It must be remembered, however, that some expediency was needed to tranquillize the country. As the sentiment of the people seemed to warrant, the bill has been gradually amended until it would apply neither to Dreyfus nor to Mercier, nor to civil prosecutions. Even in the amended form it has never got beyond the committee stage, and it is now doubtful if legislative action will be taken upon it until after the Exposition. With all legal contentions growing out of the great case wrapped up in the bill, the air has been cleared, and all signs of public demonstrations in regard to it have vanished.

The task of reorganizing the badly demoralized army fell to the Minister of War. In 1871 General de Galliffet had put down the Commune with an iron hand. Quite naturally the followers of M. Millerand distrusted him. To Socialists and anarchists he was "assassin." His social friends were among the Clericals and Royalists of the Faubourg St.-Germain. The supporters of the Duc d'Orléans expected much from him. The enemies of the republic saw in him a realization of their hopes, a "man on horseback." All were mistaken. The Socialists beheld him fearlessly issuing decrees which brought the army strictly under legislative control, and were satisfied. The Royalists and Clericals saw their leaders removed from posts, and their places filled by younger, non-clerical officers strong in republican ideas. Before they realized it the army had been transformed. It was no longer a possible master of the people, but their servant. But besides the reforms tending to promote the confidence of the people in their army, General de Galliffet has been tireless in his exertions to augment the strength of the army as a militant force. His decrees in regard to the acceptance of conscripts have greatly improved the personnel of the army. He has reorganized the range practice of the infantry and artillery. His latest achievement has been the passage of the colonial army bill. In this way by his honest work, which has recently been performed in a manner even calculated to touch the sensibilities of the masses, General de Galliffet has at length become the new ideal of a "man on horseback," and a Minister of War who is withal something of a humorist.

Next to the problem of army reform, and quite as important regarding public safety, were the questions concerning the alleged conspiracies against the republic promoted by the Nationalists, the anti-Semites, and the Royalists, acting separately or in concert. There was no doubt that in the winter of 1898-9 a Royalist plot was engineered, which, making use of the Nationalist leader Déroulède as a cat's-paw, and sustained by the then Minister of War and the Military Governor of Paris, was intended to overthrow the government. The death of President Faure and the subsequent retirement of the Dupuy ministry disconcerted the conspirators.

There was no doubt that real danger had threatened the republic, and it became the duty of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry to show the people, even with the inadequate material that they had at hand, to what an extent the conspiracy had prevailed. Yet their procedure must conform with the lines already laid down which connected the Nationalist and anti-Semitic demonstrations with the plot of the Bourbon-Orleans pretender. The Senate was convened as a high court of justice to try the conspirators. It was expected by the opposition that the government would cover itself with ridicule. The opposition was mistaken. The prosecution deftly separated the plots and ultimately secured convictions of the Nationalist Déroulède, the Jew-baiter Guérin, together with a couple of agents of the Duc d'Orléans.

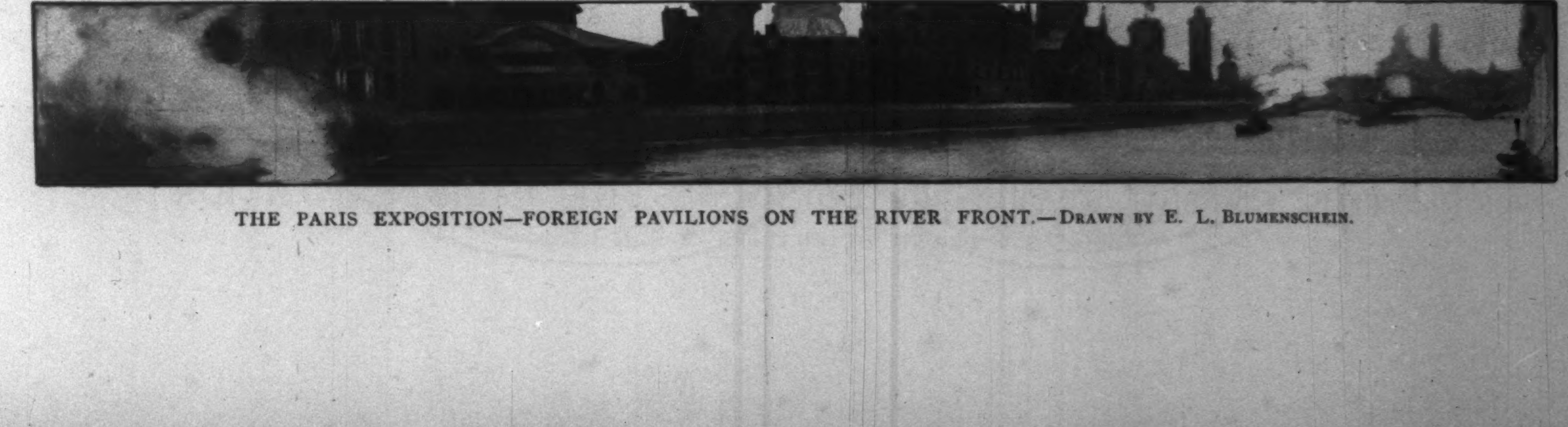
The prosecution of the Assumptionist Fathers, which followed the conspiracy trials, was abundantly justified, because this Catholic association had most conspicuously broken the laws of France, and had through its organ *La Croix* openly incited rebellion against the "Cabinet of Republican Defence." The prosecution was not intended as the forerunner of a campaign to decatholicize France. But the Catholic associations had been the hot-beds of military and Royalist intrigue ever since the Dreyfus revision was undertaken.

For a very brief period it seemed that tranquillity was about to dawn. But no matter what be the color of the government, there are always the "intransigeants," irreconcilables, by whose vociferations foreigners are altogether too eager to judge France. The Fashoda fetich was revived. The most bitter Jew-baiting papers in Paris, *L'Intransigeant* and *La Libre Parole*, now turned their wrath upon "Perfidious Albion." *L'Autorité*, run by the Royalist Deputy de Cassagnac, followed in a whirl of filth and vituperation. Popular papers like *La Patrie* daily announced the imminent downfall of the British Empire.

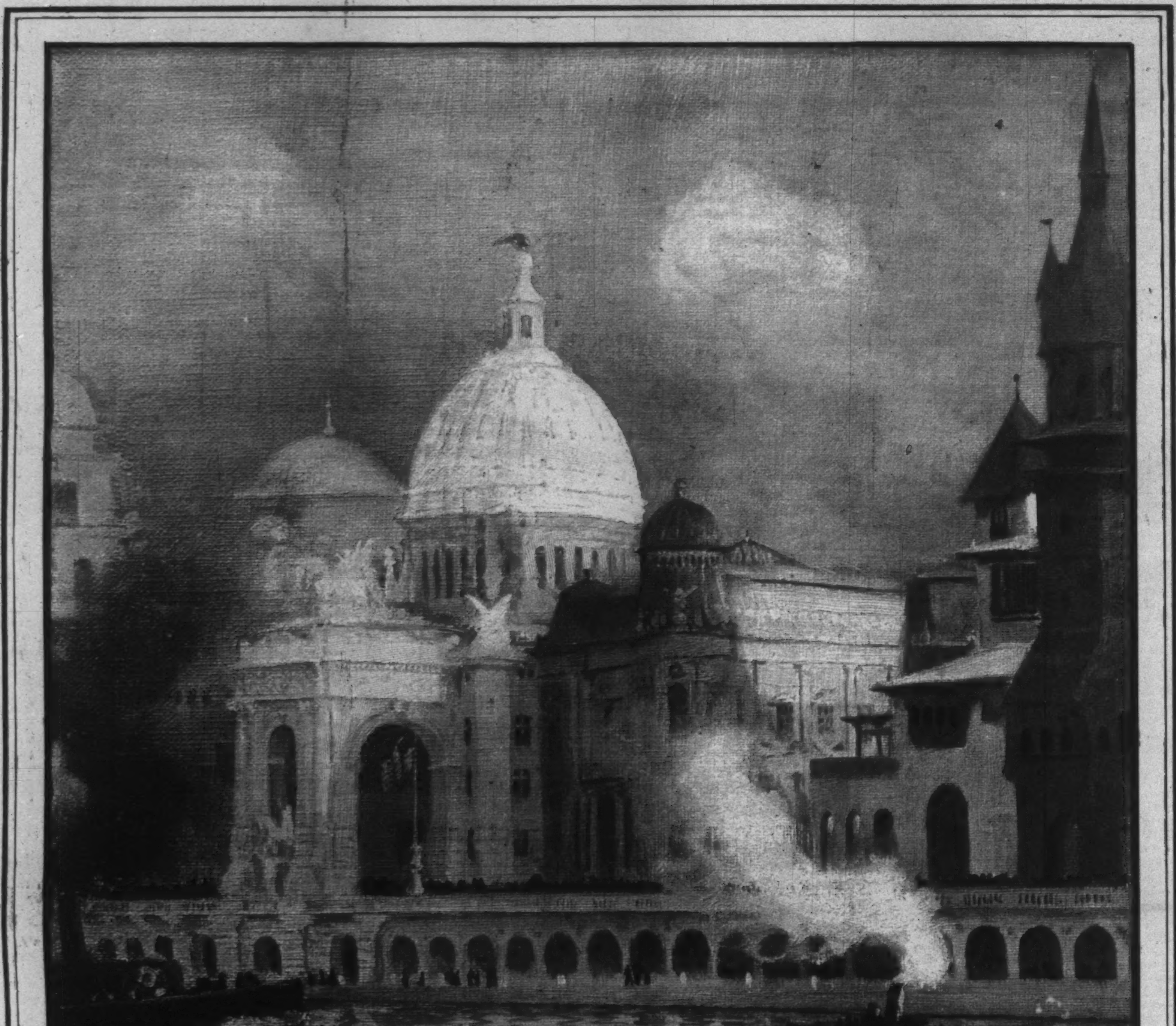
During all this time the government maintained a front of gracious neutrality towards Great Britain, and this fact in time was turned to account by the Anglophobes, who attempted to arouse popular feeling to such an extent that the government would be forced out, making way for an anti-British ministry. Had it not been for the near approach of the Exposition, it is likely that the present ministry would have been placed in an embarrassing position, for the popular press had become delirious for war, had even planned schemes to overcome Britain's domination of the sea, while the most fantastic among them devised schemes to drop troops from balloons all over England.

A singular calm showed itself in the press of France in the week preceding the opening of the Exposition. A truce has apparently been declared among all parties, although Déroulède, from his exile in San Sebastian, continues to pelt the government with mud. Until November 15, therefore, there will be peace in France. But after?

Should the Exposition be a pronounced success, and should, ere its close, the war in South Africa be over, the Waldeck-Rousseau government will have a fair opportunity to complete the work it has so well begun. But should failure attend the great industrial enterprise, and should the Boers be still holding their own, France will again be at the parting of the ways, with the revived spirit of Anglophobia drawing it towards certain disaster. Remember, too, that the tragedy of the Ile du Diable is not yet played out. Dreyfus is patiently awaiting his cue from Berlin. The *fait nouveau* which alone can bring the matter again before the Cour de Cassation consists of the publication of the documents mentioned in the bordereau, which are in Esterhazy's handwriting. Who can tell at what time the erratic German Kaiser may desire to humiliate France by ordering their publication?



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FOREIGN PAVILIONS ON THE RIVER FRONT.—DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.


CHAS. C. CURRAN

THE UNITED STATES BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

DRAWN BY CHARLES C. CURRAN

# GLORIA MUNDI

## PARIS 1900

### BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

MAGICIAN hands through long, laborious nights
Have made these princely palaces to loom
Whiter than are the city's legion lights,
On threads unseen stretched out across the gloom.
Reared in an hour, for one brief hour to reign,
The proud pavilions watchful hold in fee
A world's achievements, where the stately Seine
Slides slowly past her bridges to the sea.

Mute and memorial, as on either bank
She sees the marvel worked before her eyes,
Beholds as in a vision, rank on rank,
Pagoda, dome, and campanile rise,
Like to a mother scowling on a child
Sceptred and crowned to make a queen of May,
The Seine, that sorrowed not for France defiled,
Past France triumphant frowning goes her way.

Yet, dragged reluctant from these ransomed shores,
Upon her tide that sullenly and slow
Creeps channelward, the unapparent scores
Of history's spectres disregarded go;
And as the Empress City gains the seat
Of that imperial throne to which at last
By devious ways she comes, beneath her feet
The Seine in silence blots away the past.

Blots out the warning of cathedral bells,
The night of snowy scarves, of swords, of staves,
The muffled bass of tumbril wheels that tells
Of mortal men that dig immortal graves;
Blots out the faces, calmly unafraid,
Of prince and peasant, courtesan and queen,
When men made martyrs and were martyrs made,
When France meant Hell and God meant Guillotine!

Like pilgrims whom a holy city calls,
The peoples bring their miracles to her;
The world of peace lays down within her walls
Its gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh:
The West, wide-eyed, alert, intrepid, young,
With rush of shuttles and the song of steam,
The East, that, lotus-eating, gropes among
The half-remembered fragments of her dream.

From minarets the muezzins call to prayer,
From violins the mad mazurkas rise,
And western rangers watch in wonder, where
The camel boy his listless lash applies:
And nations warring, or that late have warred,
Their feuds forgot, their battles under ban,
Proclaim above the clamor of the sword
The paean of the mastery of man.

Man! Born to grovel in a squalid cave,
Whose hand it is that every door unbars,
Whose cables cleave three thousand miles of wave,
Whose lenses tear their secrets from the stars!
Man! Naked, dull, unarmed, barbaric, dumb,
What magic path is this that he hath trod?
Through what refining furnace hath he come,
This demi-brute become a demi-god?

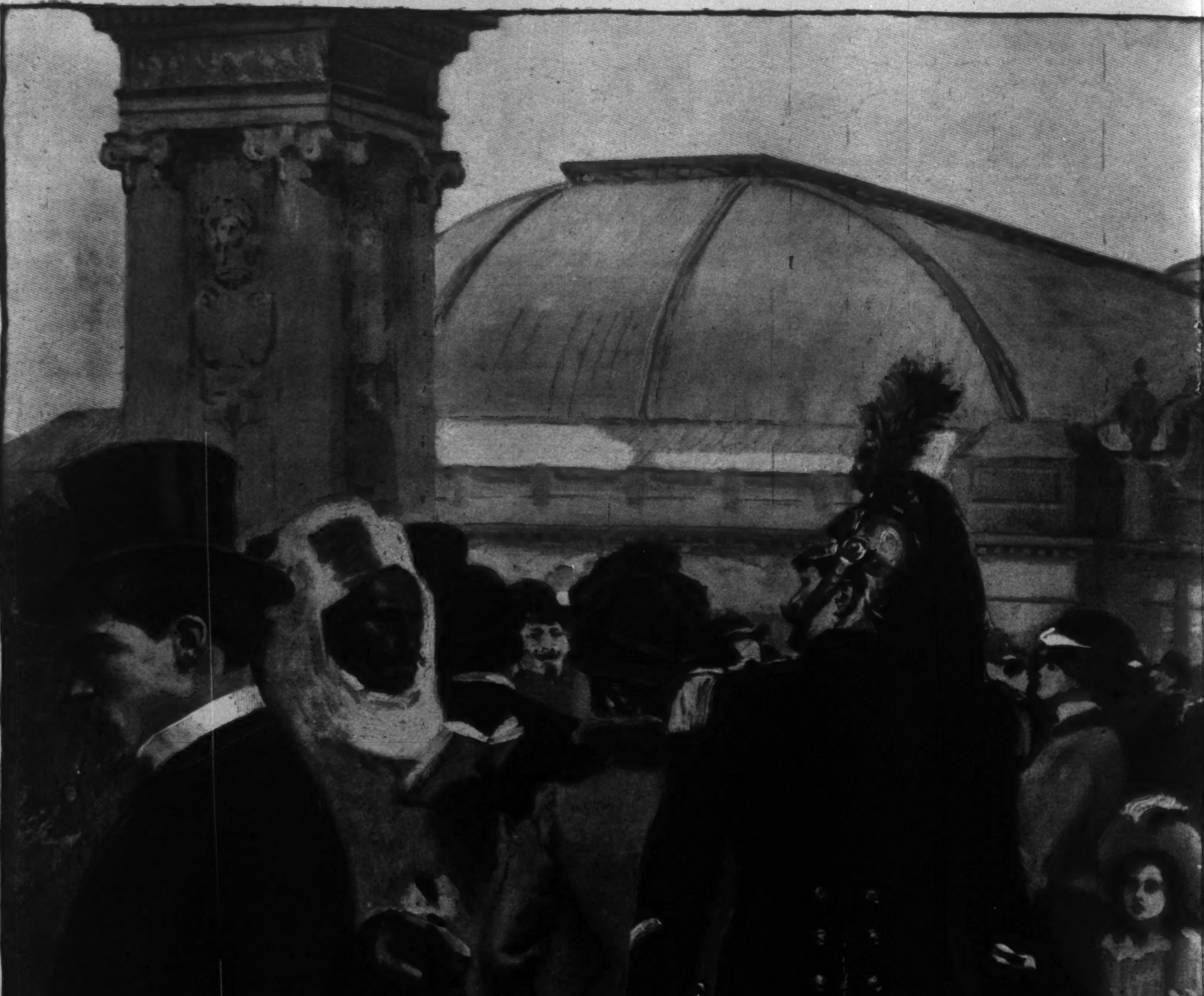
As some great river merges every song
Of tributary waters in its own,
To blend in turn its music in the strong
Full measure of the ocean's monotone,
So this triumphant anthem, skyward sent
Man's marvellous finale to presage!
Within its thunderous diapason blent,
The keynote lies of each succeeding age!

For here the whip-lash sings above the slaves
Who bend despairing to the galley's oars,
The hoarse hail rings, across the sunlit waves,
Of vikings bound to unimagined shores:
Here is the chant of ransomed Israel's joy,
The moan of Egypt stricken in her home,
The challenge of the Grecian host to Troy,
The shout of Huns before the gates of Rome:

The oaths of sailors on the galleon's decks,
The welcome of Columbus to the land,
The prayers upon the doomed Armada's wrecks,
The rallying cry of Braddock's final stand;
Trafalgar's cannon, and the bugle's calls
Where France's armies thread the Alpine gorge,
The Campbell's pipes heard near to Lucknow's walls,
The patriot's hymn that hallowed Valley Forge!

All, all are here! The feeble and the strong,
The spoiled beside the victors of the spoil
Of twenty centuries swell the sacred song
Of human triumph won by human toil!
Up and yet upward to the heaven's wide arch
The thunders of the great thanksgiving roll
To mark the way of that majestic march
Of mortal man toward his Maker's goal!

And while the echo of her folly dies,
As in the hills the sound of village bells,
Upward from Paris to the April skies
Her hymn of rehabilitation swells;
From dark to dawn, from weakness back to strength,
The pendulum majestically swings,
And o'er the ashes of her past at length
The phoenix of her future spreads its wings!



THE SUNDAY CROWD A

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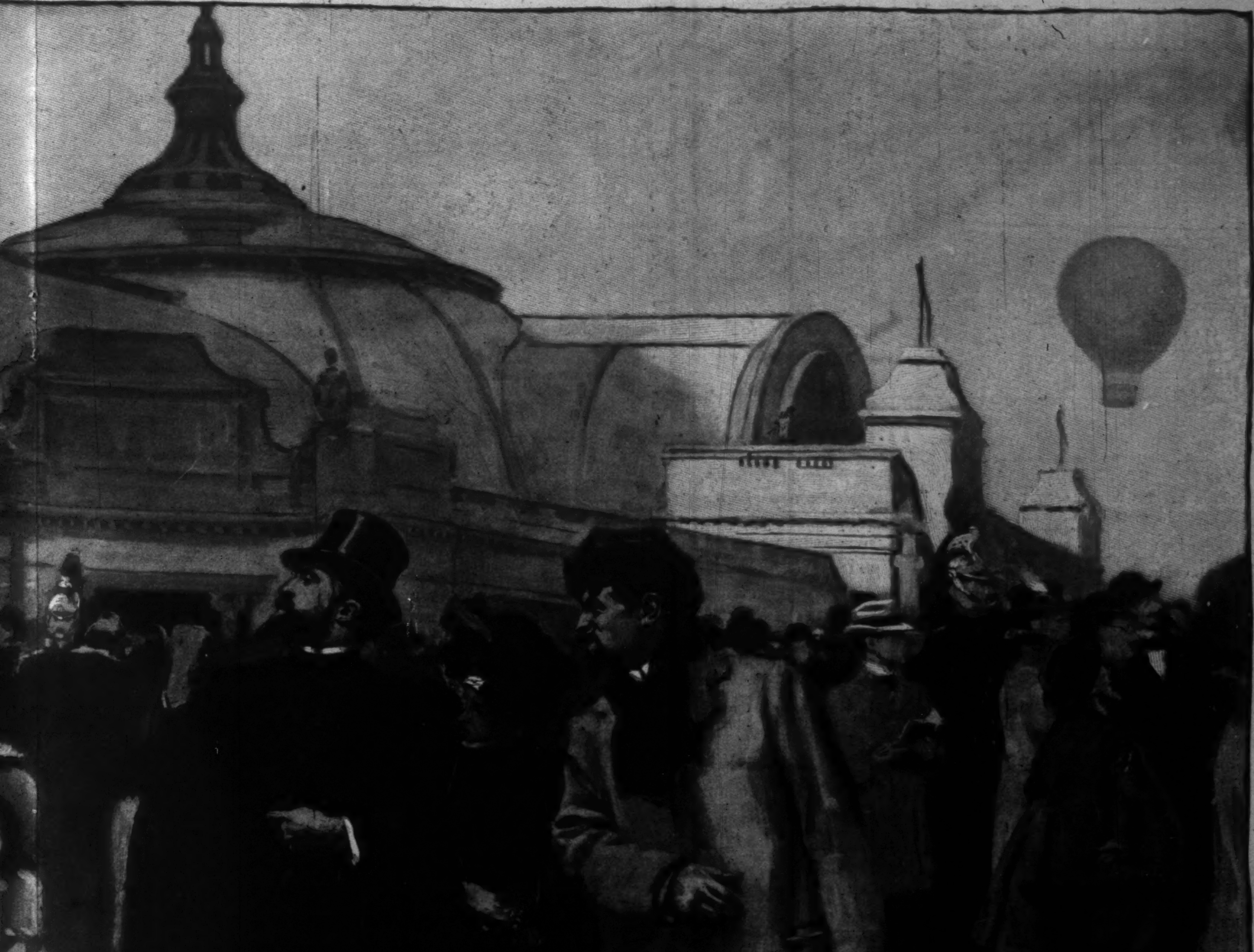
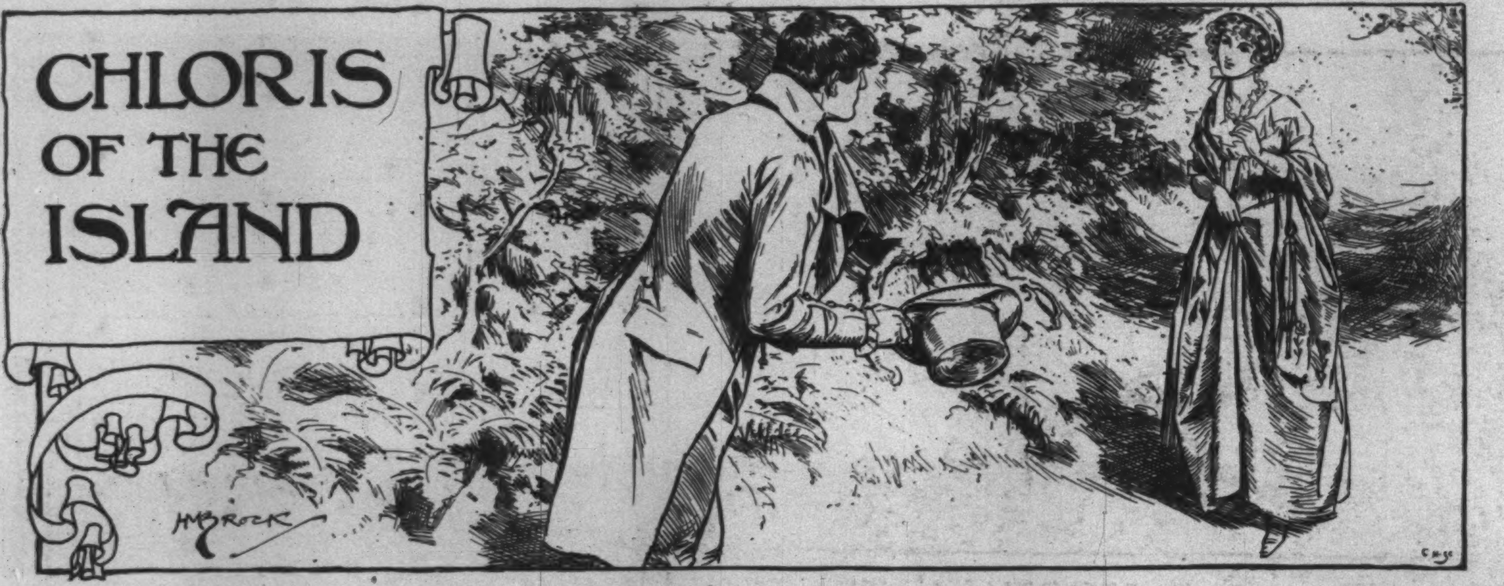

E. BLUMENSCHEIN

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

BY E. BLUMENSCHEIN

# CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND



## BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

### CHAPTER VI

### WARBURTON STRIKES A BARGAIN WITH HIMSELF

A LETTER came to Warburton the next day in a hand he did not recognize, and he was oddly surprised when he discovered that the writer was Miss Holt. She wrote from her guardian's house, asking if "those wicked wretches had had justice done on them?" but her chief point, it appeared, was to give the news that Sir George would shortly visit his house by Marlock, the lady accompanying him. "I shall revisit that scene, which is so terrible," she declared, "upon which I have wept such tears, and which has broken my courage. I pray I may have grace to bear so sharp a trial."

Warburton took the intelligence with impatience. "Why the deuce does she write me this?" he asked himself. "She should know better than to clog my actions. If she be here, interfering, she will betray us both. Sir George shall keep his home, or at least the girl shall." Forthwith he sat down and penned a letter to Sir George, in which he urged him not to carry Miss Holt forward with him to the sea, "for," said he, "'tis compassionate to suffer time to eclipse these memories. She has passed through such an ordeal in these parts that she will shrink to face them again; and 'tis wiser in yourself, sir, not to sear the wounds that are already new and terrible."

He comforted himself that this appeal would prevent the disaster, and addressing the letter to Sir George Everett, handed it to Tremayne for instant despatch.

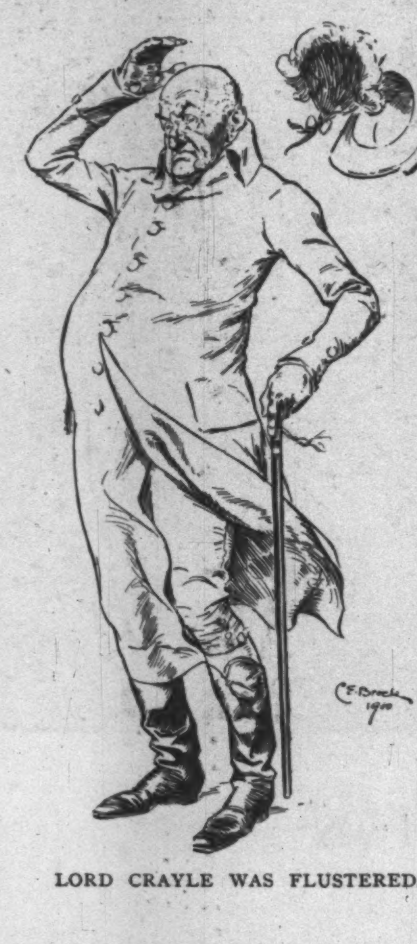
He had now to decide what course he must take in regard to his discovery on the island. He guessed very well that if he opened his mouth he would run a very great risk; and, indeed, he was not at all sure if these lawless people would wait for him to speak. He could bring disgrace upon the Carmichaels, but he was in no haste to do so. He reflected, for one thing, that only Nicholas Carmichael would be involved by his evidence. And, moreover, he doubted not that by this time the cave was empty and showed no traces of the use to which it was put. All he could do, then, was to warn the revenue sloop and wait until the smugglers should be caught by a raid of the coast-guards. The revenge appeared to him to be inadequate, to lack dramatic justness. Besides, there were other members of the family involved in his vendetta. What penalty should be exacted of Sir Stephen Carmichael himself, of Philip the reckless, and what of Chloris Carmichael, that cruel Gorgon with her handsome face? The scar burned still upon his cheek to remind him of that Jezebel. He would have no ruth for her, nor for any of the abominable blood. Yet he was not ripe for his vengeance; these people must wait for the proper dues of their outrageous lives; and when the time came he who had taken up the cause in honest indignation at his friend's murder should also exact payment for his own scurvy treatment.

He passed the next few days peaceably enough. There was no attempt to molest him. The innkeeper was civil beyond ordinary, and more than usually timid. Warburton deemed him to be acquainted with the transactions between the Carmichaels and himself. He was clearly in the confidence of the smugglers, which was the explanation of his good liquor. Possibly he was used by them as a spy to give warning of his guest's movements. Warburton knew that the smugglers must be aware that he had not given notice to the authorities; for otherwise they would have struck some blow. But what puzzled him was the reason of their silence. He wondered that such desperate adventurers as Nicholas Carmichael and his friends must be should give him so much liberty and the chance to betray them. For if they reckoned upon Tremayne's vigilance they were trusting to a sorry creature. Warburton laughed at the thought that he could be affected by Tremayne. He staid quietly, therefore, at the inn, awaiting the arrival of the revenue sloop, which was due presently on that coast, and casting patiently in his mind the various courses which he might take.

The arrival of a second letter from Miss Holt nearly a week later amazed him. She communicated the information that Sir George Everett with herself would arrive that same day, "about two of the afternoon, in that lamentable village of Marlock. Alas! sir, 'tis well named, for I will confess that to me the sound is ominous. I shall never forget that bight of sand and sea and that act of blood."

Warburton frowned and swore. Sir George Everett, then, had not deigned to take his advice. "Damme!" said he, "he has no manners; and as for this pretty creature Dolly, she breathes too many sighs for my taste. I shall be mightily embarrassed by her."

Sir George's house lay at the back of a small ravine towards the moorland, and to reach it from inland it was not necessary to pass through Marlock. Warburton had identified the place by inquiry, but there was nothing farther from his purpose than to take Miss Holt's hint and present himself at the house that afternoon. Indeed, to avoid her he had some thought of leaving Marlock for the time. He issued out of the "Three Feathers" towards evening and bent his steps up the combe. It was growing dusk, and a pleasant little wind blew off the moors. He walked long and briskly, and came out upon the upland as it fell dark. Here he was aware suddenly of whispering voices in the copse, and next a shot rang out and whistled past him. He paid no heed save to quicken his steps, and there followed a second shot, which ploughed across his sleeve. He stopped and listened. Thus he stood in the full glow of what light remained, and must have been visible from the copse even plainer than before. But no further discharge occurred. After pausing some minutes he began to move forward again; and again his ears were saluted by the report of a musket. Warburton stopped, considering with himself. He guessed at what this signified: he was invited to return; by these uncivil greetings he was warned back. He began to appreciate the justice of Philip Carmichael's threat. He was not to be allowed to leave Marlock until the free-traders had done with him. He gazed at the piece of wood from which these signals had come, and then, leisurely turning, retraced his way down to the inn. He was not prepared for an encounter with hidden assassins, but he was quite ready to add to his growing grudge against the Carmichaels. He was also a little exercised by the forbearance of his enemies. Why was he not shot? Yet it might very well be that they were unwilling to provoke the active hostility of the Crown and face the outcry which would follow the murder of a gentleman of such position and such powerful connections. He felt indeed that Nicholas Carmichael would stay at nothing, yet Sir Stephen and the younger brother might have some influence over that dare-devil, and some prudent counsels might have prevailed.



LORD CRAYLE WAS FLUSTERED.

Warburton had had news of his imprisonment; he was now to learn something further. Even in the daytime he recognized that he was watched. It was never possible to affirm absolutely that any particular fisherman or idler had his eyes upon him, but Warburton was certain that the whole village was in a conspiracy to keep him in view. He might not stray; he knew too much. He was treated much as a cat treats a mouse ere she finally kills it. But Warburton was not troubled. He walked a good deal among the dunes, where no man came, and here he saw no marks of any spies. Probably they deemed that wilderness a sufficient prison in itself, for the sea and the marshy valley above the quicksand were the only outlets from it. One day he returned from his travels among these desolate hills, and on re-entering Marlock took a circuit up the ravine. He had forgotten that this route led him close by Sir George Everett's house; he had turned inland merely to be rid of the crying sea that tormented his ears all day. But he was aware presently of his vicinity by the figure of a girl approaching down the lane. She stopped a few feet away.

"'Tis you, Mr. Warburton," she said, eagerly; "I thought you had gone. I wrote you two letters!"

"Aye," said he, slowly. "I received them, Miss Holt."

"But you answered nothing," she exclaimed with some petulance.

"That is true. There was nothing to answer to you, madam. Yet I made bold to write to Sir George. I would not have had you here."

She opened her eyes. "La!" she said, "was it to persuade Sir George against my coming that you wrote?" He bowed. "He got no such letter," she went on. "There was nothing came to him from you, or I should have heard. But had I known, Mr. Warburton, that you desired me away, indeed I would not have come."

Warburton was perplexed. "He got no letter," he repeated, and suddenly the reason was clear to him, so clear that he wondered at his own simplicity in expecting any letter of his to arrive at its destination. The cords were about him more tightly than he had thought.

"I have vexed you, sir," she said, seeing he did not reply to her last words.

"That you have not," he returned, promptly. "Gad! madam, no such prettiness as yours could vex me. But I will confess that you have disturbed my plans. I shall have to reform them, Miss Holt; you must fall into line with me, I beg you."

"You can depend upon me, sir," she cried, eagerly. "I will work with you. You shall have my poor assistance. Heavens! that I should be treading on this melancholy soil! I will not rest till we have brought these miscreants to book in the name of that dear martyr."

"He was very dear to you, madam?" inquired Warburton, regarding her steadfastly.

She lowered her eyes, her face brightening with color. "Aye; that you should know," she said, in a hysterical murmur. "'Tis a sacred memory I hold. I am sworn to cherish it. Judge you, Mr. Warburton, how deep a debt these Carmichaels must discharge to me."

"I have no doubt that they will discharge it to the full," he answered. "Yet how do you suppose this will be?"

She lifted her gaze to him again, and it was now almost demure in its expression. Softness commingled there with a certain wistful pleading, as of a child that begs silently for assistance. Her prettiness touched him, though he was aware of some strange capacity that animated her looks. She was nervously wrought, yet contained herself.

"The law," she said, simply, "has failed to reach them. It may only be through private means that they may be punished. Perhaps vengeance shall be executed righteously in the very mode by which the crime was wrought."

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

Warburton understood well enough what she intended: she looked to him. The sentence was not so simple as her voice would have it. He smiled quietly to himself, but answered, gravely:

"It is right that we should wait the course of events. Justice delays, but her hand is strong in the end."

"I pray God it may be strong," she cried, sharply, a sob choking in her throat.

"I shall beg to pay my respects to Sir George," said Warburton, stolidly, after a pause.

"He will be honored, sir," said she, quickly, in another voice, and surveying him amiably, with all signs of her recent emotion gone.

He took off his hat and left her. Her eyes sparkled after him restlessly; she was fevered to her marrow, afire with contending impressions in that frail body. Warburton turned the corner of the lane out of her sight, and came face to face with Miss Carmichael. She looked him strongly in the eyes, with some fierce earnestness.

"Mr. Warburton, I would ask you one thing," she broke out. "Are you a spy?"

Warburton drew up beside her coolly. "Madam," he answered with deliberation, "by what right do you put such interrogations upon me? You know me as a stranger, as one who has had the good fortune to aid you in a little, and who owes you some thanks. Yet you claim the right of inquisition?"

"Ah, sir," she cried, quickly, "I forget nothing, but I remember also how we last met. What did you in that secret place?"

"I admit no claim on your part to question me," he replied, coldly, "but I answer you as a woman. The wind blew me to sea, and I returned in what I fondly imagined to be the friendly wake of a schooner."

Her eyes danced. "I knew 'twas so, or somehow so," she said, swiftly. "I beg your pardon, sir, for what share I had in that adventure."

"Nay, madam," he said, shortly, "but if I recall the particulars aright, it was you that protected me."

"'Twas I that would have been your death," she cried, impulsively. "I that owe you my life!"

"You owe me nothing," he said, bluntly, "and for what I owe you we are quits."

"Quits!" she called aloud, "'tis the second time you have spoken that ungenerous word. Are you a trafficker in pawns and pledges that you deal so formally? I know nothing of the word except in respect of my enemy. It has no place in my dictionary."

"'Tis possible that we regard it in the same light," he answered, with meaning.

"Sir," she said, hotly, "you have said you are no spy. What are you, then?"

"You will remember, madam," he said, "that I have some secrets that I have not blabbed."

"You make a mark upon me which I do not understand," she said, with animation, "but I see you as you are—an honest gentleman, who saved my life."

"I have said we are quits," he said, impatiently.

"No, no," she cried, in a burst of anger.

"I will not have that or any such action laid to my credit," he said, deliberately.

Her voice was as rapid and rich with feeling as his was cold and orderly.

"Ah, you are generous," she cried. "I know you are no spy."

He answered nothing.

She came a little closer, and again set her fingers on his arm, but this time they gripped him warmly.

"Mr. Warburton," she said, in a low voice, "I am told that my brother Philip warned you. Why are you here?"

"I am not used to take warnings," he replied, scarce heeding her words, but affected strangely by the clutch of her hand.

"They said you had the chance to go," she went on. "It was madness in you to stay."

He cast his eyes upon the fingers that moved upon his sleeve and thence his gaze shifted to her face and body. There was the blaze of some passion in her gray eyes, which he encountered.

"I have said that I take no warnings," he answered, considering within himself that she should not so beguile him to flight. He had no doubt that she was sent on this errand by her brothers, to cajole him into a promise of secrecy.

"How came you to seek me here?" he asked.

"I followed from the inn," she said, simply. "I was resolved to see you."

"I will stay where I will," he said, bluntly. "None shall move me till I will."

Their eyes met again, and there was some despair that looked out of hers. He felt the thrill of her hand upon him. She dropped her arm.

"You are a fool!" she cried, suddenly, and with savage vehemence; "a fool to throw your life away. Do you think I do not know what the end will be? Oh, but you are mad, sir; you are mad." And then, "Mr. Warburton, I beg you to desist," she pleaded. "Be not moved by this blind obstinacy. Conquer your pride. What if others have maltreated you in error? I it was; 'twas I, also, that sinned. Do you bear a spite against me? And if not, why against others? They desire no harm to you, I do believe."

He listened imperturbably. "Why, madam, is it you show such anxiety in my behalf?" he asked, plainly.

"Because I desire no man's death in innocence," she burst forth with passion.

"Nothing shall move me," he said with a coldness that was almost brutal.

She turned on him like a storm. "Why is it you stay?" she cried. "Is it only out of injured pride? Who was that that left you in the lane? Is't she, then, that keeps you?"

"Madam, you spy upon me," he remarked with a sneer.

"No, I chanced to see her. Are you shamed of her?" she cried, white now with her animosity. "If it be she who keeps you with those wandering eyes, we shall not be rid of you. But you shall die where you rest and in your folly."

"Madam," he said, quietly, "the lady is she that loved a dead friend."

She came to an abrupt pause, almost ceasing to breathe, and he eyed her in silence. He had an odd sense of discovery in that moment; it stirred sharply in his heart, and went out. He knew now that he was master; against that passive force of calm and determination she would beat in vain. Her blood and her sex alike betrayed her; they were no match for one of that cold race and patient manhood. She knew nothing of this; the spirit of such a creature bent not to reflection; it felt, it suffered, it rejoiced, and was bitter, passionate, and cruel in a breath. But there was some faith she drew from him in those brief seconds. An impression passed into her blood, although she guessed not whence her impulses had sprung. She gasped in her breathless emotion, and he, in his turn, put forth his hand and touched her gently.

"You are kind, Miss Carmichael," he said, softly. "But indeed I tell you that you mistake me. Others shall do as I will, not I as they."

Her eyes kept his face. "I have done what I could," she said, with a sigh, "but you despise my advice." She turned away without more words and he looked after her.

## CHAPTER VII

### UPON THE LAWNS OF LYNSEA

ON the afternoon of the following day Warburton resolved to visit Sir George Everett. He was in no way anxious to do so, yet he felt that common politeness demanded the ceremony, now that he had been discovered by Miss Holt. Accordingly, under the vigilant eyes of the innkeeper he set out for the valley in which Sir George's house was placed. It was a walk of a mile or more by very pleasant lanes now bright with late lilacs and dropping the gold of the laburnum. He had by this time come to ignore the watch under which he lived, and though he supposed that some one followed him on this occasion, he cared not and gave his attendant little thought.

Sir George, who was an irritable, plain-speaking, honest fellow, full of many bothers which he took hardly, received him with some warmth. He had come here, he declared, to be quit of his daily troubles; he was pressed by the affairs of his country, was being urged into political courses which he would rather avoid, and damned all his neighbors for rogues or nincompoops.

To Warburton's mind he seemed a brisk, capable man, who would do his duty, if with much grumbling, and put the responsibilities with which he charged himself above his convenience. This consideration renewed in him the doubt if he should communicate his knowledge as to the illicit trade at Lynsea. He turned the matter over in his thoughts.

"Sir George," said he, "I believe you to be a justice?"

"Aye," assented Sir George, "I have had the hanging of several rascals."

"A man might lay an information before you even in these parts?" asked Warburton.

"For certain; a magistrate is a magistrate, and carries the King's authority with him where he goes," returned Sir George, with dignity.

Warburton sat considering.

"What is it makes you inquire?" asked the baronet.

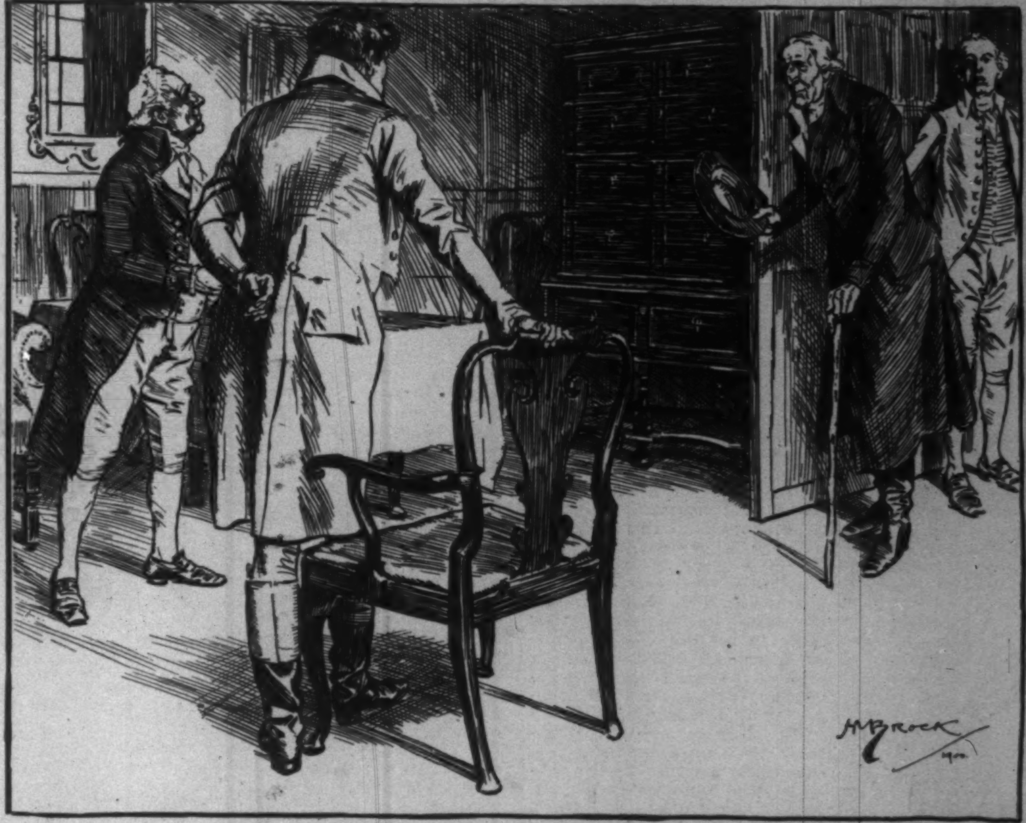
Warburton opened his lips, but at that moment the sound of wheels upon gravel caught his ear. He looked out of the window and saw a chaise drawn up before the house and the flanks of the horse were steaming as if he had been severely driven.

"Why, what is this?" said Sir George, who also had peered out. "These people are in a mighty hurry, it seems!" As he spoke the door of the room opened and a man-servant approached, announcing a visitor.

"Who is this?" said Sir George, harshly.

"'Tis Sir Stephen Carmichael, your Honor," said the man.

"Ah, I have heard the name. He has some estate by here, purchased from old Tantellion," said Sir George, with a nod. "I am honored by this visit. Show him in."



WARBURTON BOWED AS THE VISITOR ENTERED.

Warburton stood and bowed as the visitor entered. Sir Stephen's gaze rested lightly on him for an instant, as he returned the bow, yet Warburton fancied that there was inquiry in the look. He leaned upon his thick staff and was magnificently civil to Sir George, deploring his gout which had held him from calling before. His eyes, nevertheless, as Warburton thought, were fixed like a cat's upon his host, watching and wondering. He appeared to be seeking for some information. Warburton laughed softly. He was aware now why the horse was so lathered with sweat, and what this ceremonious visit signified. They were afraid of him. Yet it must have been manifest very soon from Sir George's friendly bearing that he knew nothing. The sharp senses of Sir Stephen were not likely to miss that fact. Indeed, he glanced at Warburton presently with a faint smile, in part of condescension and partly of reassurance. Warburton laughed aloud this time, but checked himself and rose, bidding the two good-day.

No sooner was he out of the house than he espied Miss Dorothy ascending the drive.

"Faith, you walk abroad a great deal, Miss Holt," said he.

"What have I to do but to walk?" she said, with a sigh. "I am too deeply intricate with life to pluck my fingers at home."

"Poor creature!" said he, eying her. "But you must not suffer sorrow to eat you like a canker. You are too handsome a young lady to wear sackcloth all your days."

"I will talk no more of it," she said, quickly; "'tis no pleasure to a town gentleman such as you, sir, to entertain lachrymose maidens."

"Nay, I believe I am not modish," he declared.

"Mr. Warburton," she said, suddenly dropping her voice to a whisper, "there is a man who is hiding in the hedge and spying on us."

"Indeed! Faith, let him spy," said Warburton, heartily.

"But why should he spy on us?" she asked, fearfully.

"How should I know? He is a curious villager, madam. He has heard that a new Toast has arrived here. In truth, you have already a visitor."

"Who is that?" she asked, following his upward glance at the chaise.

"'Tis Sir Stephen Carmichael," he answered with a grin.

She started and made as if to go. "I will not see that dreadful man," she said.

"On the contrary, you will find him a most civil gentleman," he declared; "Sir George is greatly taken with him."

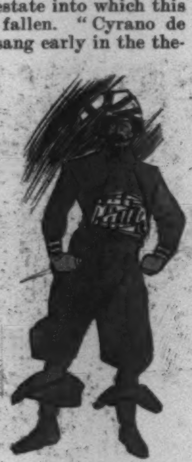
She hesitated, a change passed across her features, and she said, haltingly: "You are right, Mr. Warburton. You have lectured me justly. I will not give way to my prejudices. I must do my duty to Sir George's guests." She bowed to him prettily, and staring at her in surprise, the man returned the salutation. Then he descended the slope with a shrug of his big shoulders. Indeed, he had not at all fathomed this dainty creature of dimity and he began to comprehend this.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE DRAMA

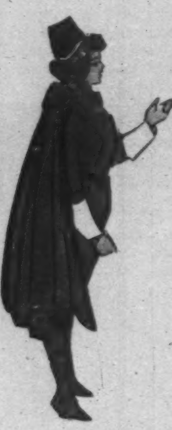
## BY LAWRENCE REAMER

COMIC opera needs an Ibsen, or some other original genius strong enough to struggle against its hide-bound formulas. For the past season each succeeding work of this kind produced in New York has helped to make evident the sad estate into which this popular form of amusement has fallen. "Cyrano de Bergerac," which Francis Wilson sang early in the theatrical year, "The Princess Chic," one of the season's slight disasters, and now "The Viceroy," have all added to the proof that the inventiveness of librettists has either wandered into an unproductive direction or come altogether to an end, so far as the choice of theme and manner of treatment are concerned.



*One of the customary trusty blacklegs.*

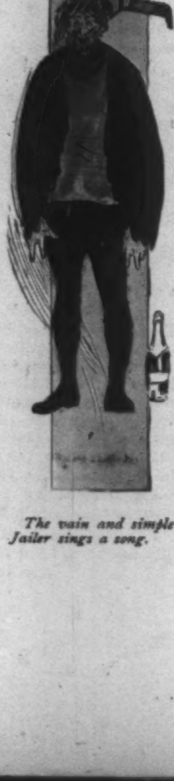
"The Viceroy," which the Bostonians brought to the Knickerbocker Theatre, proved to be typical in a high degree of all that has come to be deplorable in the comic opera of the day. Its humor could never exist outside of a comic-opera libretto, for such talk would never seem to any but a hardened librettist possessed of the slightest power to amuse. Its action was supported by such slender intrigue that its figures moved through the three acts with even less coherency than comic opera is indulgently supposed to demand. Coming at the end of a long season, "The Viceroy" possibly seemed a little bit worse than it really was. The effect of this circumstance, however, was slight. There was ground for all the condemnation it received and called forth, moreover, not alone for itself but for the rest of its kind.



*The Pirate Chieftain—Helen Bertram.*

It is interesting to note that in every case the excuse put forth by managers and librettists is the same: they claim to be supplying the public demand. If objection is made to buffoonery or stale humor in the text or to the vulgarity or banality of the episodes, there is always the pretence that these qualities represent the response to the public demand and alone satisfy it. How little truth there is in this explanation is sometimes irrefutably demonstrated by the attitude of those for whom this choice supply is prepared. The sophistry of it all is particularly apparent in the case of every comic opera put forward during the season just drawing to a close, since not one of the number was successful.

With all the effort to write down to the supposed level of popular taste, there has not been one instance this year in which the author succeeded. Maybe it will be possible, by elevating the standard somewhat, to come nearer to what the actual demand is. Composers need not be considered. Their work in nearly every case is notably superior to that of their associates, even if the quality of the output is debased by the mistake of over-production which threatens every composer who meets with success. A first work, that it may have taken a year or more to compose, makes a musician well known. Then he will probably write four operettas during the following year. This has been the experience of one conductor and composer who has allowed his work to retrograde steadily since his first opera. But the American public's quarrel is not with the composer. It is the librettist who has treated them so shabbily, and then laid the responsibility for this treatment on their own shoulders by telling them that they were getting just what they wanted.

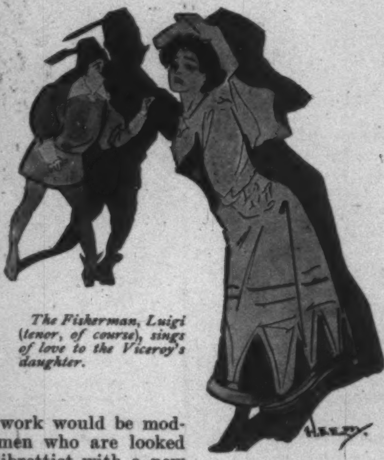


*The vain and simple Jailer sings a song.*

LUCKILY there is a notable answer to this charge ready. Lovers of comic opera are prone to turn with fondness to the days in which the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were new. No works since them have met with such a degree of popular favor, nor have any of their successors been written by men of such talents and literary attainments as W. S. Gilbert possesses. In those days crowds heard and laughed at the delightful humor of these operas, and there was no talk on Mr. Gilbert's part of writing down to the taste of the public. Nor did the people find it difficult to reach his standard. It would not take long for such operettas to find again as large a share of public favor as these enjoyed in their bloom.

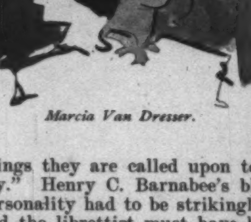
New York fortunately possesses a theatre which from time to time gives revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan. They are heard in the main by audiences previously familiar with them, and are received always with the same evidences of delight which they have been wont to evoke since they were first heard. The public taste has not degenerated since they were written nor since the long Offenbach series that preceded them.

THERE have undoubtedly been comic-opera librettos stupid and vulgar before those written to-day, but they were not quite so utterly without attempt to rise above any but the lowest criterions. The conditions that have brought about the situation that exists are interesting. The faith of the managers to-day goes out to two or three librettists only. The work that comes from them is received with encouragement. Several successes, alternating with failures—the latter seeming to make less impression—have given to a small number of writers the factitious reputation of comparative infallibility. The average writer who submits a comic-opera libretto to a manager is told, after a reading, that the work might, under certain circumstances, be found acceptable. Changes are always said to be necessary, and it is the experience of the writer that these changes are to be made by one or two or three persons named by the manager. These persons are the librettists who supply the American market. One of them, to whom a manuscript is submitted on the manager's suggestion, may be willing to work on it or he may not. In the latter case the manager feels certain that he has not made a mistake in declining the work. If the author to whom it is submitted consents to collaborate with the original writer, the manager feels that his chances of success are greater.



*The Fisherman, Luigi (tenor, of course), sings of love to the Viceroy's daughter.*

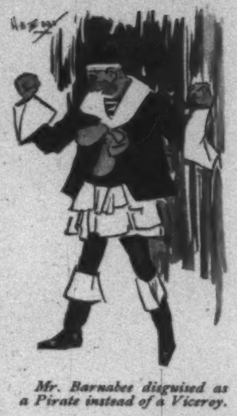
It can readily be seen that all work would be modelled after the manner of these men who are looked upon by managers as safe. The librettist with a new idea and a method of carrying it out, different from those followed for years, would find very little encouragement from the manager, and less from the professional librettist to whom he was recommended to take his work. It is these conditions that are really responsible for the character of the comic-opera libretto now, and not the necessity of writing down to the public taste.



*Marcia Van Dresser.*

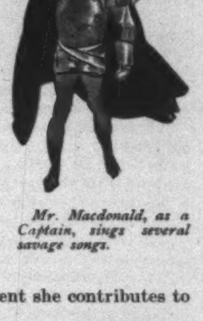
THE venerable troubadours at the head of the Bostonians naturally find no difficulties in "The Viceroy." They are experienced in the ways of comic opera, and most of them have done many years ago most of the things they are called upon to repeat in "The Viceroy." Henry C. Barnabee's bland and rather bucolic personality had to be strikingly displayed, for even he and the librettist must have known that the lines he had to speak were not scintillant enough to pass muster, and that much less were they adapted to give the comedian opportunity to display his admired and familiar talents. The best that could be hoped for the text was that it might escape notice. This result would have been impossible without attracting attention to Mr. Barnabee personally rather than as the interpreter of H. B. Smith's humor. Mr. Barnabee did this by dressing himself as a pirate in the second act. He might as well have been anything in the world but a pirate. Certainly he would have seemed much more at home as a bishop, but the effect of that would not have been striking enough to divert notice from the dialogue, and that was the point of the disguise. So the venerable comedian, who is not piratical in looks and manner—but Puritanical, domestic, benevolent—appears with such a contrast between his natural aspect and his assumed dress that the result creates the nearest approach to fun in the opera. It causes, moreover, a sense of relief that the attention is not to be centred on Mr. Smith's wit. There are in "The Viceroy" some of the other cherished types of operetta even more traditional than Mr. Barnabee in disguise seeking evidences of lawlessness in the town which he governs.

Another attempt to lessen the importance of the text revived a type which no librettist has been courageous enough for years to drag out of its obscurity. This is the stuttering comedian. Simple delivery of his speeches is varied by the use of a stutter that is appreciated more because it makes inaudible half that the author has written than for any other quality. This expedient of suppressing half the author is of course open to the objection that it prolongs considerably what is said; but it is not nearly so distinct as it might be and there is compensation in that fact. William H. Macdonald's purpose in the performance was rather incomprehensible, unless one adopted his apparent view that he was in it for the sake of adding the benefit of his pulchritude to the proceedings. It can scarcely be said that the effect made that so clear as his own demeanor; but as the character he assumed had no perceptible relation to the rest of the operetta, Mr. Macdonald must have been in "The Viceroy" for a particular purpose. It seemed like some sacramental function in memory of the shades of comic-opera's oldest traditions when Messrs. Barnabee, Macdonald, and Frothingham gathered together in their scenes and distributed comedy of the oldest vintage they possess. Nobody could do it so liberally and appropriately as the Bostonians, not because old humor is not always to be had, but because it could never be dispensed with such appropriateness of method.



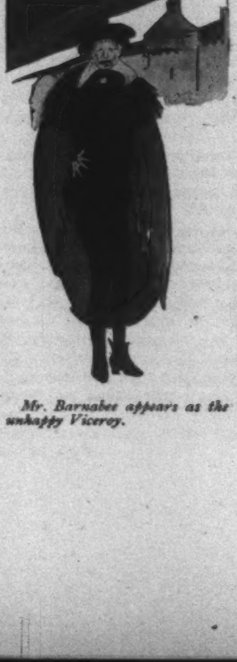
*Mr. Barnabee disguised as a Pirate instead of a Viceroy.*

TOPOGRAPHICALLY the distance from the Casino to the Knickerbocker is short, but there is a difference of leagues in their femininity. It is garbed in the Venetian styles of the middle centuries in "The Viceroy"; and as tunic and fleshing are interchangeable with skirts, one more dear tradition of operetta is maintained. It appears gradually to the patient listener that Miss Bertram and Mr. Barnabee have been mistaken at some time for each other. This illusion is strengthened somewhat, it might be mentioned, by the fact that Miss Bertram assumes a male rôle. Even then they do not resemble each other enough to strike the casual spectator. In the opera they are brothers, however, and Mr. Barnabee rules unlawfully in Miss Bertram's place over some comic-opera city. Miss Bertram is always in male attire, and her style of dress is most like Mr. Barnabee's in the second act. But it cannot be said that there is even then resemblance enough in outline to impose on the residents of a whole town. The feminine interest in the opera is chiefly centred in Marcia Van Dresser, as Miss Bertram, taking a man's part, must stand the consequences and be grouped with Mr. Barnabee and the others. Miss Van Dresser's face is beautiful always, and when she sings it can be seen that glistening white teeth are among her charms. Opening her mouth in song makes no other marked difference in the extent she contributes to the performance.



*Mr. Macdonald, as a Captain, sings several savage songs.*

THE "Viceroy" did not survive long the cold dash of metropolitan disapproval that greeted it. The Bostonians have wisely returned to one of their classics. "Robin Hood" belongs to the best days of their later period, and is excellently suited still to those members of the original cast that are left in the company. Jessie Bartlett Davis is no longer available to sing "Oh, Promise Me," and Camille d'Arville, always such a vivacious feature of the Bostonians' earlier performances, has long been out of that fold. But Mr. Barnabee as the Sheriff of Nottingham is amusing in the way his admirers expect him to be, and has other opportunities than his pirate's costume afforded. "Robin Hood" is so much superior to its immediate predecessor at the Knickerbocker that one is tempted to include it among those operettas that recall the best of their kind.



*Mr. Barnabee appears as the unhappy Viceroy.*

# THIS BUSY WORLD

### BY E. S. MARTIN

IN response to the petition of a married woman in Chicago, who asked for an injunction restraining a firm of distillers from using her photograph as an advertisement of a summer drink, Judge Dunne of Chicago has decided that "Any woman certainly has the right to prevent the use of her photograph on any kind of bottled goods." The decision, if upheld, will probably apply to advertisements of soap, cigars, and corsets as well as to bottled goods. A living person can sometimes get redress for the unauthorized publication of a photograph, but it is hard to protect the dead. A widow who tried not long ago to prevent a tobacco company from using the name and picture of her deceased husband to promote the sale of a brand of cigars was denied relief by the Supreme Court of Michigan.

Persons who form their opinions of the contemporary status of American manners from some things that they read in newspapers and see on bill-boards, and from published advertisements, undoubtedly find a good deal to support the opinion that we of this generation are an uncommonly vulgar people. Good manners, involving a decent degree of reticence and consideration, are not at all essential to pecuniary success either in the management of newspapers or in the advertising business. But pecuniary success is essential to the continuance of any business, and where essentials and non-essentials conflict, or are thought to conflict, it is not hard to predict which will survive. Still, though vulgar methods and vulgar persons often succeed in money-making, it does not follow that vulgarity is necessary to success even in that. Vulgarity is only profitable when it is joined to shrewdness and other forms of ability, which would doubtless do about as well in better company. Take the case of Gates, whose methods in Wall Street have lately shocked a public sense of commercial propriety which is not oversensitive. Gates seems to be a man of force, and of abilities that had won him a place of trust and power. If he has just now been making money by means that have brought him into general contempt, we are not to impute that to him as cleverness. It is not intelligent to pay too high a price for money.

No one can justly accuse the American people of being vulgar enough to admire Gates. We are prone to overvalue money and to admire much that is not admirable, but we have not admired Gates. He represents not success, but disaster.

* * *

VULGARITY is not necessary to contemporary success, but a thing akin to vulgarity which seems indispensable to success in many lines of business is publicity. One reason why we seem more vulgar than our fathers is that we have come so generally to the realization of the commercial value of publicity. A man can be good in a corner, and live justly in the sight of God and bear himself handsomely towards his fellows without any summoning of witnesses. But when it becomes a question of selling goods he is excusable in concluding that he can never sell enough to make himself rich without beating a drum and sticking his picture on the outer wall. Let him stick his picture up if his business seems to require it, but publishing pictures of other folks who have no interest in his business and don't want to be posted is a different matter. The law ought to regulate that.

The law in the State of New York now regulates (by forbidding) the publication of letters or private papers found among the effects of persons who have been dangerously hurt, or have died suddenly, or committed suicide, unless a coroner directs such publication as a means of identifying the dead or discovering a crime. This law, which the Governor signed last week, is in timely restraint of a species of publicity which was sometimes very cruel, for the practice has been to look upon papers found on the unknown dead as the proper loot of sensational newspapers, to be printed without regard for the reputation of the deceased or the feelings of any survivor.

* * *

PRESIDENT PATTON of Princeton is opposed to the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith, and says that if the Presbyterian Church is a Calvinistic Church (and he thinks it is) the Westminster Confession is a good expression of its views. An interview recorded in the New York *Times* represents him as saying: "The creed needs no revision. No church member is obliged to subscribe to it. No minister is required to sign it *ipsissimis verbis*. Agitation on this subject is entirely unnecessary."

Dr. Patton's words are very reassuring. If we may trust them—and if they are really his they are surely trustworthy—we are warranted in inferring that the Calvinistic creed in these days is (colloquially speaking) not cutting very much ice. If Church members are not bound by it and ministers don't have to subscribe to it as it is written, it is hard for a looker-on to see wherein it is causing severe distress. It seems to be rather like those domestic properties which accumulate in the attics of houses long dwelt in, and which, though they are out of date, persons of sentiment cannot bring themselves to throw out because they have been so long in the family.

* * *

THE obituaries of the Duke of Argyle have combined history and eulogy in a way to make them very good reading, and would have gratified their noble subject if he cared for literature of that species. He was a good deal of a great man in a great man's place, and satisfied our sense of fitness. We Americans of the North have a special reason for thinking kindly of him, for he was of the limited number of British men of rank and influence who sided with the North in the civil war. We have known him better, too, than we are used to know British peers, because he was a hard-working man in public life for half a century, a legislator in England, and a speaker and writer on many subjects.

His name was George Douglas Campbell; he was born in 1823, and succeeded his father as Duke in 1847. The Campbells have been leading Scotchmen so long, and the family title, Mac Cullom More, has such a Celtic flavor, that it is worth explaining that they are of Norman descent, and their family name, contracted from *Campus Bellus*, or Fairfield, is one of the oldest known to English heralds. From his youth upwards the late Duke was able, industrious, and conscientious. When he was nineteen years old he engaged ardently in the disputes then current in the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and never afterwards kept out of any hot water which he thought he ought to be in. He began in 1848 an active career in the House of Lords. In 1852 he took office under Lord Aberdeen, and retained it under Lord Palmerston, becoming Postmaster-General. In 1854 he was chosen Rector of the University of Glasgow, and the next year presided over the annual meeting of the British Association. In Mr. Gladstone's cabinet in 1868 he was Secretary for India. In and out of office he supported the Gladstone policies until 1881, when he left the cabinet because he could not agree to the Irish land bill. He did not again take office. He was a Knight of the Garter and holder of many offices proper to distinguished rank, and of many others which he owed to his reputation as a scientist and scholar. He was three times married, in 1844, in 1881, and in 1895. His eldest son, born in 1845, who married the Princess Louise, was the son of his first wife, the daughter of the Duke of Sutherland.

* * *

ONE of many interesting subjects discussed at the ecumenical missionary meetings in New York last week was the marriage of missionaries. The question was whether missionaries should marry before they start for their fields of labor or after they reach them. Both sides were represented. It was held that the maintenance and transportation of families back and forth took up too large a share of missionary funds, that domestic anxieties distracted the missionary's attention from his proper labors, and that it was best that men should at least spend several years in their appointed fields, and get well started in their work before taking mates. On the other hand it was submitted that the Christian home was an object-lesson of great value in heathen countries; that women were just as useful as men in missionary work; that in many fields married women were more useful than spinsters; that women who kept house for their husbands saved money directly by good domestic administration, and indirectly by keeping their husbands in health, and that wives who began the work when their husbands did made better progress in it than those who came out later and took it up.

There was lively argument pro and con, but a missionary from South India said that he had had a Christian home, but had had to break it up because he dared not keep his children in the plains. Perhaps the most convincing speech of all was that of a missionary from China, who said the climate in his part of China affected women worse than men, that a large number of missionaries were living with their third wives, and that he knew of one who had buried six wives in China and one in America. He had been forty-six years in China. "At our mission," he said, "we buried young wives until we were constrained to make a rule that missionary women should live three years in the country before marrying." He was decidedly in favor of unmarried missionaries for China, maintaining that they lasted better, stuck to work better, and learned the language quicker.

Whether missionaries should marry before they start seems to depend very much on where they are going and what sort of a climate awaits them. It is no news that children of white parents do not thrive in South India. There is more novelty in Dr. Taylor's story of the effect of the climate of China on young wives, and a highly impressive story it is.

* * *

THE Court of Appeals of the State of New York has sustained the contention of Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry that the State Board of Charities has no right to inspect the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The court's decisions cover the ground that the State Board has no right to inspect institutions supported by private benevolence, and that Mr. Gerry's society is not a charitable institution, and, under the Constitution of the State, is not subject to the inspection of the State Board. It is widely felt that Mr. Gerry's society, though undoubtedly a great charity, which does work of the highest importance, is intrusted with very unusual powers, the abuse of which it is very hard to remedy, and that therefore its methods and management should be closely looked after. The recent decision leaves it unaccountable to any power which can be readily approached by the persons ordinarily affected by its actions. Many persons, however, who think there should be more checks upon Mr. Gerry's powers have only limited confidence in the wisdom of the present State Board of Charities, and on the whole would as lief trust Mr. Gerry as the State Board. So they are somewhat consoled for Mr. Gerry's victory, because it involves a defeat for the Board.

Mr. Gerry and the members of the State Board are all exceedingly respectable people. The fact that they don't agree, and that a large number of other very respectable persons like to see them fight because one of them will be worsted, illustrates the difficulty of administering and supervising the charities and reformatories of a great State to the satisfaction of all persons interested. The best that it seems possible for a State to do with its penal and charitable institutions is to manage them somewhat better than those of any other State. To induce any general agreement that they are managed as well or inspected as faithfully as they ought to be, or that any possible group of managers or inspectors know their business better than some other group which might be appointed, is something that no one need expect. The New York State Board of Charities ought to be manned by saints of absolute self-abnegation and profound shrewdness. It used to have two such members, Mr. Craig of Rochester and Mr. Letchworth of Buffalo, who were profoundly respected and worked to death. Since that seems to be an inevitable penalty of undisputed usefulness in public charitable affairs, we ought doubtless to be thankful that both Mr. Gerry and the members of the present State Board are still in fair health, with good prospects of continued usefulness.

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GENERAL LEW WALLACE, who was American minister to Constantinople, and knows the Sultan, says he is a nice man, honest, and faithful to his agreements. He wasn't responsible, General Wallace says, for the atrocities the bad Kurds committed on the Armenians. Besides, no Americans were hurt even by the Kurds. He says there are about seven million Christians in Turkey, who couldn't stay there unless the Sultan was there to look after them.

It is well known that General Wallace's relations with the Sultan were cordial and intimate. Critics of both gentlemen say that the Sultan put his best foot forward when the General was with him and showed only his best side, which is very good. They declare, though, that he has also a very bad side, and works it on occasion with deplorable results; that his own children distrust him and decline to live at home, and that the Armenians were all massacred by his orders.

Most public characters impress different persons differently, but these disparities of opinion about the Sultan are unusually violent. However, there is hope that he will pay us our dues. If that is not his purpose it should interest him to hear the opinion of Admiral Dewey that if Spain had had at Manila some submarine boats of the Holland type it would not have been safe for the American fleet to stay in Manila Harbor. It is suspected that General Wallace's old friend would rather spend millions for defence at any time than even a small sum to pay a debt, even one owed to missionaries. No one denies that Abdul has sporting blood, or that he is a strategian.

* * *

THIS is the time of year when New York is most charming, and when the walk up Fifth Avenue most excites the contemplative mind to cheerful imaginings. Now the winter exiles come back and make their preparations to get out of town; now the carriage people take comfort in their conveyances, the riding people bestride their steeds, the automobilists poke around in their machines, the well adorned display new glories of raiment, the children abound in the streets and parks, and the tenement-house folk enjoy that brief but blessed interval which comes twice a year when they are neither too hot nor too cold.

There are just a few days in the year when one can saunter comfortably in the streets, and in New York the best of those days come in the spring. They are the most brilliant days of the year and the best improved, for they show the most engaging human spectacle that the town affords, and show it to the greatest company of spectators. From the middle of April to the middle of May the finest people linger in town and make the finest show of themselves. After that they disperse rapidly and don't accumulate in force again until November, and by that time it is cold, and the sauntering days and the days of brilliant costumes in victorias are past.

A great city does not get much of the flavor of autumn, but it does get a good deal of the taste of spring. The parks, great and small, are lovely in the spring, and one can watch in them most of the rapid changes that make that season appeal so incorrigibly to the sensibilities. The charm of autumn eludes them. They don't get the fall smells nor all the exhilarating qualities of fall air, and all their dead leaves are swept away before they yield their perfumes to the rain or even have a chance to rustle. Perhaps that is why folks who can do so spend the fall in the country.

# TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE Indian famine, although the greatest in extent, is not likely, thanks to the almost perfect machinery that the English have devised for giving battle to their great enemy, to reach the top notch of severity. In the great famine of thirty years ago a million people died from starvation. Since then the work of famine relief has become as much one of the ordinary duties of government as irrigation or forestry, and there is, humanly speaking, no chance at all that the horrors of Orissa will be repeated. Nevertheless, the situation is appalling enough. A population all but as large as that of the United States has to get through the next four months without the harvest on which it depends for food; and in spite of the magnificent zeal of the English officials, from the Viceroy down to the youngest member of the I. C. S., there must be innumerable cases of private distress which only unofficial charities will be able to reach. It is a proof of the high estimate the world has come to hold of England's rule in India that all countries should be anxious to help her in tiding over the present crisis. In spite of the violent prejudice on the Continent against England and all things English, there is hardly a nation that has not contributed something in money or grain to the relief of the Indian famine, in full confidence that whatever is given will be spent wisely and honestly.

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HOW far England can be held responsible for these successive famines has already been discussed in this department. The question forms part of the greater problem, whether civilization tends to increase the supply of food at the same ratio that it decreases the rate of mortality. But there are other aspects of the British Raj which are worth looking at and should be of especial interest to America just now. Froude, who was an Imperialist of the Imperialists, laid it down as an axiom that "free peoples cannot govern subject races," and the example of India, which is assuredly the best effort yet made by a free people to govern a subject race, may usefully serve as a guide or warning to American policy in the Philippines. The ultimate goal that both nations are seeking is the same. Neither England nor the United States looks forward to holding India or the Philippines in perpetual vassalage, but so to lead and educate these dependencies that they may in the future form nations by themselves and take their places as autonomous members of the British and American empires. It is true the Philippines are not India, but, as will be seen, the fundamental problems of government in the two countries have many points in common.

* * *

ONE of the most sensible and trustworthy books I have ever read—*Imperial Rule in India*, by Theodore Morison—deals with this very question. Mr. Morison admits that the Pax Britannica, while it has brought order, security, and honest administration to India, has not won the sympathies of the natives or helped forward one particle the sense of national unity. On the contrary, the British never appeared more like conquerors than they do to-day, and their sway never rested more obviously on the sword's point. The mass of the people are sullen and unsympathetic, the educated Bengalese are estranged, the Hindus and Mohammedans are both more bitter in their mutual hostilities and more opposed to the British connection. And this growing unpopularity of the British Raj Mr. Morison explains by the introduction into India of those principles of liberty and self-government which are held as axioms on both sides of the Atlantic and considered to be of universal application and benefit. That is the root of the whole matter; that is the inner meaning of Froude's epigram. The conscience of a democracy forbids it to be liberal at home and autocratic abroad. England and America have grown up and thrived on certain notions and certain institutions, and nothing will ever persuade them that other nations would not prosper equally well on these same notions and these same institutions. And yet see how the theory has worked out in India. India has no politics; its lines of cleavage are racial and religious; its people are Oriental. Nevertheless the House of Commons, backed up by the proselytizing liberalism of the English people, has dumped down upon India almost all the institutions of the Occident—freedom of the press, the right of public meeting and debate, the jury system, representation on municipal councils.

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WHAT has been the result? The result has been that the old-standing lines of division among the natives have been accentuated, and their feuds made more bitter by being allowed a wider field. The freedom of the press has been used by the Hindus to belabor the Mohammedans, and by the Mohammedans to pound the Hindus, and by both to rave at British rule. It is so with all the other institutions that England has foisted upon India merely because she was used to them at home and had turned them to good account. The consequence is that the British rule in India is half liberal and half despotic, too weak to be sympathized with by Oriental instincts and too autocratic to be altogether acceptable to Western radicalism. Take, for instance, the neutrality of the Indian government. In England it is perfectly proper that the members of the civil service, the permanent officials and so on, should be kept out of politics and forbidden to influence public opinion for or against the ministry of the day. But apply the rule to India and what happens? The Indian government is attacked by a thousand voices and pens and yet never allowed to reply. It faces every assault with closed lips. In all the native press there is not an organ that supports it, or that even gives its side of the case. It makes no effort to get the ear of the people, and it carries its neutrality and indifference so far as to distribute rewards and offices among friend and foe alike—among those who have always supported it and the preachers of rank sedition.

* * *

IT seems as though the Indian government based its appeal to the loyalty of the natives mainly on the ground of the perfection of its administrative system and of the supremacy of the British race, forgetting that peace and order and the security of life and property are not especially attractive to a generation that has known nothing else, and that the supremacy of the British race can hardly be expected to rouse enthusiasm in any one but a Britisher. As Mr. Morison insists, the true fulcrum of loyalty is the person of the Empress. The Indians, like all other Orientals, are instinctive monarchists. The direct rulership of a single head is the only form of government they understand or have shown any aptitude for, and loyalty to the hand that gives them salt is their great cardinal virtue. Were they permitted, they would idolize the Empress and build shrines and temples in her honor to the full limit of Eastern fervor. But they are not so permitted. The figure of the Empress is three-quarters concealed behind the Viceroy and his council, the army, the civil service, and the whole world of functionaries; and it is only the instinct of the natives, working in spite of the government machinery, that has been able to find it out. Mr. Morison suggests that the Empress should come forward as the sole responsible ruler of her great dependency; that all orders should be enforced as her commands, and *la Reine le veult* made the only call to obedience. He further suggests that since it is now impossible to take away the privileges so hastily and foolishly granted them, the government should endeavor to mitigate the harm of "liberalism" by establishing an official press of its own, by having loyalty to the Empress taught in all schools and colleges as a regular subject, and by withholding all honors and decorations and offices from any but known friends to the British Raj. In other words, he is convinced that if India is ever to become a nation, it can only be through the medium of a benevolent autocracy; and making due allowance for the differences between India and the Philippines, I believe there is much in his arguments and conclusions that would be worth the study of American statesmen to-day.

* * *

IT is likely that a good deal of news, and not all of it of a peaceable character, will come from Belgium before May is over. Belgium has somehow the reputation of being an orderly and contented nation, yet really there is no country, except Ireland and Bohemia, in which differences of race and creed and social conditions are more likely to lead to an explosion. The truth of this may easily be forth-coming at the next elections, a few days from now. Belgium has been an independent kingdom for about seventy years, for the last sixteen of which the Clerical-Conservative party has been in power—the Liberals, who when combined with the Radicals and Socialists probably form a majority of the people, having fallen to pieces through the usual internal differences that harass Liberal parties everywhere. The elections will take place under the system of proportional representation—the first time the system has been adopted in Europe outside a few of the Swiss cantons; and though the device was proposed by the Conservatives to entrench themselves in power, it is not by any means certain that they will be able to defeat the Liberals, Radicals, Collectivists, Christian Democrats, and Socialists, who are closing up their ranks for the battle. Last June, when the new suffrage bill came before Parliament, there was violent opposition among the people that led to riots and a good deal of bloodshed, and the feeling between the rival parties has not in any way abated since then. A mere political struggle would not matter much if the throne were secure beyond doubt. But King Leopold is distrusted and disliked both personally and politically. The reigning dynasty has no historic connection with Belgium, and has never taken root in the country, as the Bernadottes, for instance, have in Sweden.

* * *

NOTHING serious can happen to Belgium without gravely affecting the military and political positions of France and Germany. Belgium is divided racially into Flemish and Walloons, and the racial divisions more or less coincide with and are emphasized by the political and economic differences. The Flemish-speaking Belgians are, roughly, the backbone of the Catholic-Conservative party, and mainly peasants or property-owners. The French-speaking Belgians—the Walloons—are usually laborers and artisans, from whose ranks come the secularists, radicals, and socialists. Each side has, therefore, a treble reason for hating or despising the other—race and language, religion, and economic conditions. After a long and vicious struggle Flemish and French stand at length on an official equality as languages, and the movement which placed the Flemish dialect on a par with the French tongue considerably increased German influence throughout Belgium—Flemish being an offspring of the Germanic root and the Germans having their own reasons for pushing the agitation along. The French on their part have always regarded Belgium, or at least the French-speaking portion of it, as a reversionary estate, and as the Benedetti treaty showed, they do not intend to be over-scrupulous when a chance presents itself of entering upon their heritage. Napoleon's famous dictum that "Antwerp in the hands of France was like a pistol held to the forehead of England," is still the principle which guides French policy in the northwest. The twentieth century may quite easily see a partition of Belgium, which would give the Flemish provinces to Germany and Walloon to France.

* * *

ANYTHING, therefore, that makes for revolution in Belgium—and undoubtedly the defeat of the Conservative party at the approaching elections would be a most serious matter—must have a profound influence on European politics. The Catholic-Conservative government has, it is true, done many unwise and not a few reactionary and shabby things; but on the whole it has played its part well and certainly promises a better order of things than the wild visionaries by whom it is opposed. The trouble with Belgium is that the people are too thick upon the ground, in some provinces, especially Brabant, the number of inhabitants to the square mile being higher than anywhere else in Europe; but while the working-classes have unquestionable grievances, their leaders are not the sort of men to whom the government of a civilized state can be safely intrusted. The forth-coming trial of strength will therefore be anxiously watched, and no doubt will bring out those dangerous qualities which run all through the tale of Belgian history—the fierceness of temper, the readiness to shed blood, and the disposition to push every quarrel into a sort of war. It is said that should the Socialists and their Liberal allies gain the victory, the Congo Free State, which it is within Belgium's right under the convention of 1890 to annex this year, may be cut adrift and left to shift for itself. Foreign countries have therefore the best reasons for wishing to see the Conservatives continue in office.

* * *

THE death of Bellacoscia ought to revive some lively tales of the Corsican banditti. Bellacoscia was by so far the greatest of Corsican bandits that he divided with Napoleon the affections of all true Corsicans. The bandit, of course, is a very different personage from the brigand. Brigandage, as one knows it in Edmond About's *Le Roi des Montagnes*, still exists in parts of Greece, in Sicily, in the Pyrenees, and southern Italy. But the Corsican is above such dirty work. He is never bent on plunder, and has no ambition to carry his victim off to the mountains and there hold him till the ransom is forthcoming. The Corsican kills his man because he hates him, because he has been injured by him, because he is an enemy of his clan. And then he takes to the *macchi*, as the Highlanders took to the heather, and becomes a bandit, in the literal meaning of the word—one who is under the "ban" of the law. Of these Bellacoscia was for fifty years the acknowledged chief in Corsica. If one can imagine Robin Hood crossed with what Mr. Dooley calls "one of Kentucky's rhapid-firin' citizens," one can get a good idea of the great Corsican's methods and influence. Bellacoscia took to the *macchi* in '48 because the mayor of his town declined to furnish a false certificate exempting him from military service. The mayor paid the usual penalty, and Bellacoscia sought retirement in one of the caves of Monte d'Oro. There he accumulated a collection of vendettas, which kept him occupied throughout life. The gendarmes were constantly on his track, and every sort of device employed to take him or starve him out. Some thirty of his nearest relatives were once arrested on the charge of complicity; it was known that they were supplying him regularly with food. But it was no good; the next of kin took up the pious task, Bellacoscia fared as well as ever, and at the end of three months there was nothing for it but to let the thirty out of prison again. On another occasion his flocks were seized and publicly sold by auction. A few nights later he and his brother descended from their rocky home and quietly drove the sheep and cattle back again—not one of the purchasers being foolish enough to raise any objection. How many gendarmes and private enemies Bellacoscia accounted for in his long and active life I have no means of knowing with certainty, but if the number were placed as low as fifteen I should be surprised.

The reasons for his power and the curious attitude of Corsicans towards the vendetta go far back in history. Under Genoese rule justice was not administered but sold, and the ordinary individual soon found out that he stood no chance in the battle of life except by joining himself to some powerful family that could make his interests respected. So grew up the clan and the spirit of the clan that permeate the Corsican's daily life. The maladministration of justice, engendering the spirit of clanship and now fostered by it, and the laxity in enforcing the laws regulating the carriage of arms, are the reasons for this curious survival of barbarism.

R. ALFRED WAITE. MYER PRINSTEIN. W. F. LEWIS.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY ATHLETES WHO WILL COMPETE IN THE PARIS GAMES.

# *Sport at the Paris Exposition*

BY C. PERCY HURDITCH

THE year 1900 for international contests in all branches of sport promises to be the most important and interesting that has ever taken place in the history of the athletic world.

Whether all our notable colleges will enter thoroughly into the project of competition at the Paris Exposition is at present a matter for considerable discussion.

A glance at the programme and the value of the prizes offered may not be amiss:

### WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS.

July 15, 17, 19, 22, 1900.

SCRATCH EVENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100 mètres flat | $80 | $40 | $10 |
| 400 mètres flat | 80 | 40 | 10 |
| 800 mètres flat | 80 | 40 | 10 |
| 1500 mètres flat | 80 | 40 | 10 |
| 110 mètres hurdle | 80 | 40 | 10 |
| 400 mètres hurdle | 80 | 40 | 10 |
| 2500 mètres steeple-chase | 80 | 40 | 10 |
| High jump | 50 | 16 | .. |
| Long jump | 50 | 16 | .. |
| Pole vault | 50 | 16 | .. |
| Putting the weight | 50 | 16 | .. |
| Throwing the discus | 50 | 16 | .. |

HANDICAPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 mètres flat | $20 | $8 | $5 | $3 |
| 400 mètres flat | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| 800 mètres flat | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| 1500 mètres flat | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| 110 mètres hurdle | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| 400 mètres hurdle | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| 2500 mètres steeple-chase | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| High jump | 12 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Long jump | 12 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Pole vault | 12 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Putting the weight | 12 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Throwing the discus | 12 | 6 | .. | .. |

OTHER EVENTS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Steeple-chase of 4000 mètres (scratch) | $50 | $12 | $8 | $4 |
| 200 mètres flat (scratch) | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| 60 mètres flat (scratch) | 20 | 8 | 5 | 3 |
| Tug-of-war (for clubs) | 20 | 10 | .. | .. |
| Throwing the hammer | 20 | 10 | .. | .. |
| 500 mètres (winning international team, 5 runners) | 200 | | | |
| 200 mètres hurdle-race (scratch) | 50 | 12 | 8 | 4 |
| Triple jump | 20 | 10 | .. | .. |

### LAWN TENNIS.

July 6 and following days.

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Men's singles | $300 | $100 | $70 |
| Men's doubles | 160 | 80 | .. |
| Women's singles | 70 | 30 | .. |
| Doubles | 60 | 20 | .. |

HANDICAPS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Men's singles, 1st class | 70 | 30 | .. |
| Men's singles, 2d class | 30 | 20 | .. |
| Women's singles | 40 | 20 | .. |
| Men's doubles, 1st class | 80 | 40 | .. |
| Men's doubles, 2d class | 60 | 20 | .. |
| Mixed doubles | 60 | 20 | .. |

### LACROSSE.

July 29 and following days.

PRIZE.—A banner to the winning team and a souvenir to each player.

### GOLF.

October 2-9.

(Rules St. Andrews Club.)

Amateur championship; men's handicap; women's championship; women's handicap; five prizes for each event.

In addition to the above there are also football (under Rugby and Association rules), hockey, cricket, croquet, bowling, and baseball; rowing-men are looked after on August 26 with senior and junior pairs, fours, eights, and novice fours; prizes varying from $40 to $480 in value will be given, the distance being about a mile; the river Seine at Asnières will be the scene of swimming contests, and the events comprise 100 mètres, 200 mètres, team contest of 200 mètres, swimming under water, obstacle race, and a water-polo match. The prizes are valued at $900.

The great contest at Athens in 1896, in which our boys bore themselves so well, is a matter of history, and we venture to assert that in spite of the fact that such an enormous crowd witnessed that competition, the record will be fairly broken in numbers at Paris. Whether our athletes will do as well remains to be proved. Yet if past and present showing is any criterion, one may reasonably assume that, barring accidents, the Stars and Stripes will be often seen first past the tape.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Mammoth Shaving Stick Sent to the Paris Exposition.

Height 4 feet
Diameter 19 in.
= Contains =
465 lbs. of Soap

A WILLIAMS Shaving Stick of the ordinary size will furnish about 300 shaves. This mammoth shaving stick is equal to 4,450 of the ordinary size—or enough to shave a man every day in the year for 3,657 years!

The size is exaggerated, but it is impossible to exaggerate the splendid qualities which have given Williams' Shaving Stick world-wide fame.

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Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.
By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

**Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents.** **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.**
**Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents.** **White Glycerine Toilet Soap, 10 cents.**
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Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp.

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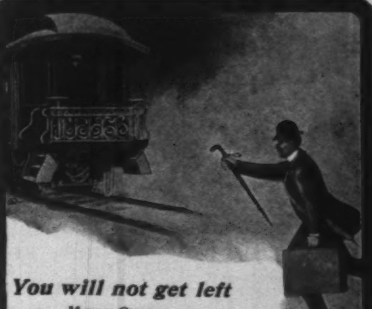

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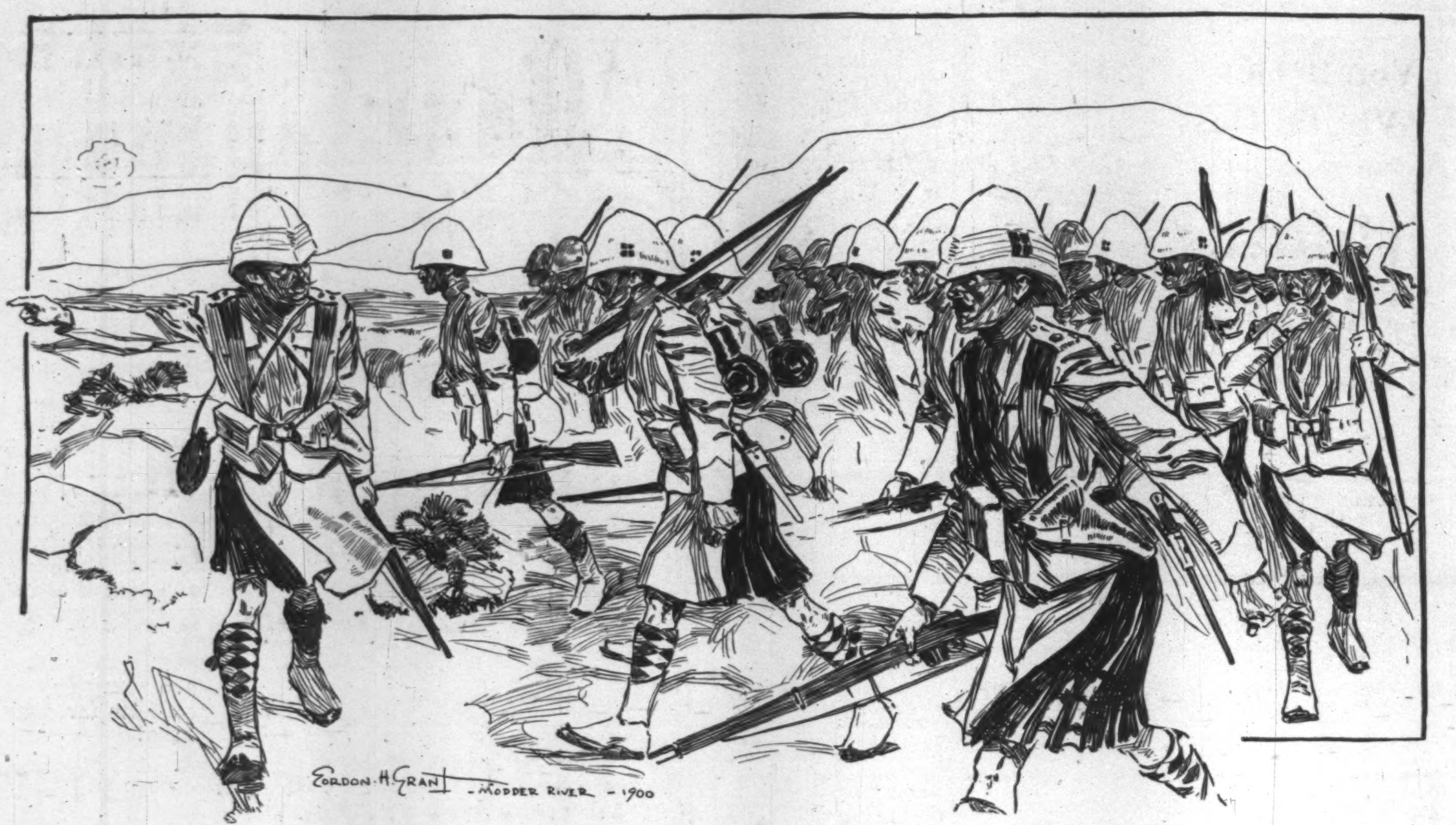

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BRINGING UP THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.
DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

# WHY LORD ROBERTS DOES NOT MOVE

BY CAPTAIN E. L. ZALINSKI, U. S. A. (RETIRED)

THE comparative inactivity of the British forces and the evidences of renewed activity on the part of the Boers have given an impression to many that the tide of war has again turned the other way, and that the British haye been practically checkmated. This is not a correct view of the situation. Lord Roberts is now engaged necessarily in preliminary work, which, though less spectacular than the direct combat with the enemy, is of vastly greater importance. He is engaged in doing that which causes more thought and anxiety to the general commanding an army than the movements of his forces directly against the enemy.

In other words, he is now engaged in the prosaic but very necessary steps to provide his army with supplies of winter clothing, food, forage, and ammunition, as well as with remounts of horses essential for making any further advance. This preparation and delay is the more necessary because of his great distance from the bases of supplies. His line of communication with Cape Town is by a railroad of more than 700 miles in length. Besides this, the double line from Port Elizabeth and Port Alfred 520 miles to Bloemfontein, East London 400 miles to Bloemfontein, and Durban to Ladysmith are available. If the line from Lourenço Marquez could be used by Lord Roberts, his difficulties would be very much reduced, in that he could use Lourenço Marquez as his base, with all the advantages given by a seaport base, and securing the shortest possible line of operations against Pretoria. The distance on this line would only be 260 miles, and would permit the use of a railroad throughout the advance for the supply of his armies.

The scarcity of transport animals and the paucity and poorness of wagon-roads would render this a very great advantage. How great such advantage is will be made more evident in a succeeding paragraph.

British possession of the Delagoa Bay line would effectively prevent any further supplies of men, food, and ammunition from reaching the Boers, and secure for them the shortest line of operations against Pretoria.

All of the railroads of South Africa pass through regions which afford facilities for attacks by small bodies of the enemy. These may destroy culverts and bridges with dynamite or other high explosives. The efforts even of one man might suffice to break the continuity of bringing forward supplies for the army. Such breaks would result, in many cases, in delays of several days before repairs could be made. It is therefore necessary, at the present time, to guard these lines of railroad throughout until there has been transported to Bloemfontein or other points which may be taken as secondary bases of operations, sufficient food to last the army for several months. With this assured, Lord Roberts could then advance, without concern for a long line of communication, simply having to guard the line from the position of his armies to the secondary bases.

As a basis for estimating we will assume the number of men which were required by General Sherman for the protection of his railroad lines of communication in 1864. Lord Roberts would, on this basis (90 men per mile), have to detach no less than 100,000 men for the protection of the various lines to Bloemfontein and Ladysmith, if all are to be used and protected. If the Cape Town line is not to be used, nearly one-half of this guarding force could be dispensed with.

The layman cannot easily realize the vast amount of material as to food and ammunition demanded by an army in the field. A few facts and figures as to this may aid to make it more tangible. Each man requires, at a minimum, three pounds and a half of food per day. Each animal should have at least twenty pounds of food in countries where grazing is not abundant. If we take, for purposes of estimate, only fifteen pounds required to supply each animal, leaving five pounds to be gathered from the country, by grazing and otherwise, we assume a quantity that may be considered a minimum. An army of 150,000 men would require about 50,000 animals for transportation of artillery, camp equipment, ammunition, food, hospital and medical equipment. There should not be less than 30,000 cavalry. There should not be less than 10,000 animals available at all times to supply losses. This makes a total of 90,000 animals to be fed. With this as a basis, we see that the daily demands would be for the men 525,000 pounds, and for the horses 1,350,000 pounds, or an aggregate of 1,875,000 pounds. This is equal to something more than 836 tons per day. Assuming that, besides the food, an average of 100 tons of clothing, ammunition, and other supplies would be required daily, we have an aggregate of 936 tons. Six per cent. added for inevitable losses and contingencies would bring the daily aggregate up to 1000 tons. Assuming, again, that a supply for at least 120 days should be provided for at the secondary base before operations commence, we have an accumulation necessary of 120,000 tons. With ten tons load per car, 12,000 car-loads would be required. While this amount is accumulating, sufficient, in addition, to supply the army during the time of bringing this quantity to the front, would also have to be provided, so that no less than 15,000 car-loads of ten tons each would be safe to assume as sufficing for the purpose. With railroads passing through the mountainous regions of South Africa, very heavy grades would have to be overcome, and high speed is impossible. An average rate, therefore, of only ten miles an hour would be counted upon, and they would require at least four days from Cape Town to Bloemfontein, allowing for unavoidable delays. The other roads could be traversed in from two to three days from sea to the places selected as secondary bases. It is not likely that more than 400 cars could be despatched daily on all the available roads, if sufficient numbers of cars and engines were at hand to commence the work. The traffic must be so managed as to permit the free return of empty cars. This would mean an initial supply of at least 3000 cars, and no less than 100 engines.

The roads are all single track, and, as before mentioned, of very heavy grades. The difficulty of securing continuous movements of trains both ways must be apparent. It would necessitate the creation of additional side tracks wherever the character of the road-beds permit, and to the full extent of the available supply of rails, etc. These last might in some instances be secured by tearing up portions of track from roads not immediately needed.

What Lord Roberts's difficulties as to transport would have been without the aid of the railroads, and what they will be when he is obliged to cut away from them, may be seen on considering the following:

A six-horse wagon will transport 2000 pounds. On a basis of three and a half pounds per man, this would suffice for 570 men for one day, or 285 men for two days. After this it must return to the base for resupply. Hence eight wagons would be required to supply 1140 men two days' journey from the base, and 800 wagons would be required for an army of 114,000 men.

To carry along the requisite supply of forage for the cavalry, artillery, ambulance, and other transport animals is a more serious matter, demanding no less than 2000 for an army of the number mentioned.

So we have already 2800 wagons, needing 16,800 animals to pull them, for an army of 114,000 men two days' march from a base.

The numbers of wagons and animals required to supply an army increase in geometric ratio with each day's march from the base.

The Germans estimated 1160 wagons for the wagon-train required for each army corps in the Franco-Prussian war. On this basis, Lord Roberts should have available for his field army no less than 5800 wagons, requiring 34,800 animals.

But this allowance would have to be increased very largely, because the country in which he is operating has little railroad mileage, few and poor roads, and little food derivable from the country. Hence, double the allowance estimated by the Germans would certainly be required in South Africa. To still further indicate, in a tangible way, what these numbers of wagons and animals mean, it is but necessary to state that 5400 wagons with six animals each would occupy, under ordinary conditions, 64 miles of road, or about five days' march.

The very great difficulties inherent in moving armies on lines where the railroad is not available, considering the very large weight of food required per animal, it seems clear that the time has come when automobile traction will be introduced in the service of supplying armies in the field.

Considerations of the number of both wagons and animals required, as well as the probable character of the terrain, indicate that Lord Roberts's operations are likely to be along the lines of the railroads.

At present it appears that the first serious conflict will be in the vicinity of Kroonstadt. It is likely that the forces in the east will move on towards Laing's Nek and Charlestown. Acting against an enemy of superior mobility and having interior lines, such separated movement is only allowable with forces superior to the total which could be concentrated against them. Even thus, very great vigilance is needed, as a moving force is under a very great disadvantage. It must necessarily be spread over a great many miles of road, and is thus subject to being caught by an active enemy under conditions most unfavorable for itself.

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# *What One Man Has Done to Help Humanity*

ALCOHOL, it is claimed by statisticians, is the chief curse of civilization. More men fail in body, brain, and business through its agency than from any other cause. Ventures sent to sea with alcohol in command cannot mind the winds, fail to take correct astronomical observations, and arrive anywhere but in the right port. Alcohol ruins a man's health; ruins his home; endangers his happiness; jeopardizes his business interests, and brings him into ridicule.

What concerns the philanthropist is whether or not the confirmed inebriate—the hopeless drunkard—can be restored to perfect health, with the alcoholic appetite entirely eradicated.

One man has made this subject a life study, and produces overwhelming testimony to the truth of his theory that inebriety is a disease, and a disease that can be completely cured. This student is Leslie E. Keeley, a physician of the regular school, the son of a physician, and the grandson of a physician. He began the study of inebriety in his school days.

When the war broke out Dr. Keeley went to the front as an army surgeon, and soon rose to the rank of Major. And here he also found opportunity to study inebriety, and did not neglect the occasion. When he settled down in Dwight, Illinois, as a practising physician, a few years later, he began the investigations which have resulted in such inestimable benefit to mankind. For eighteen years Dr. Keeley labored along the lines he had faith in, steadily climbing the steep till he stood triumphant over all obstacles, and announced to the world that drunkenness was a curable disease, and that he had found the cure.

He wasted little time in words—deeds were better. He founded an institute for inebriates, and the patients came from far and near to be cured of their infirmity. They told their friends, and their neighbors, and their neighbors' neighbors. Soon the institute at Dwight was not half large enough to accommodate all the applicants, and several branches were established. Now, in 1900, there are sixty Keeley Institutes in the United States. These are all under the direction of the physicians who have graduated from recognized medical colleges, and many of whom have themselves taken the Keeley treatment for some form of inebriety.

In addition, all such Institute physicians are required to take a special course of instruction at Dwight upon the subject of inebriety and the administration of the Keeley remedies. It should be borne in mind also that all the remedies used at the Branch Keeley Institutes are procured from The Leslie E. Keeley Company's Laboratory, at Dwight.

The Keeley Institutes are neither hospitals nor prisons, but are as homelike as it is possible to make them. There is no confinement, nor is the slightest restraint put upon the patients beyond the request that he shall observe the few simple rules, and take faithfully the medicines prescribed. Neither are the patients treated as offenders against the morals of society, but as gentlemen and ladies who are afflicted with a disease that is curable.

To Dr. Keeley is due the honorable distinction of having first declared against the vice theory of drunkenness, and to substitute for old methods a humane and intelligent treatment which removed permanently the appetite for drink, and at the same time, by restoring the nervous system to a sound condition, improved the general health of the patient. And now the evidences of his cure are manifest on every hand. Over three hundred thousand men and women have been treated by these remedies, and among the graduates are persons representing every class in society. Among other things, as an indication of the success of the treatment under difficult conditions, may be mentioned that it has been tried and found a pronounced success with the inmates of the Soldiers' Homes of the United States, among the Indians on their reservations, in the regular army, and in a single instance with the inmates of a work-house. Lack of space hinders us from giving the work in detail; it is sufficient to say that the results accomplished fall little short of the marvelous.

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Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more.

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# MR. DOOLEY*

## XXIV.—ON THE PARIS EXPOSITION

"IF this r-rush iv people to th' Paris Exposition keeps up," said Mr. Hennessy, "they won't be enough left here f'r to ilict a Prisidint."

"They'll be enough left," said Mr. Dooley. "There always is. No wan has gone fr'm Ar-rchey R-road, where th' voters ar-re made. I've looked ar-round iviry mornin', expectin' to miss some familyar faces. I thought Dorgan, th' plumber, wud go sure, but he give it up at th' las' moment, an' will spind his summer on th' dhrainage-canal. Th' baseball season 'll keep a good manny others back, an' a number iv riprisintative cit'zens who have stock or jobs in th' wire-mills have decided that 'tis much betther to inthrust their savin's to John W. Gates thin to blow thim in again' th' sthreets iv Cairo.

"But takin' it by an' large, 'twill be a hard winter f'r th' r-rich. Manny iv thim will have money enough f'r to return, but they'll be much sufferin' among thim. I ixpict to have people dhroppin' in here nex' fall with subscription-books f'r th' survivors iv th' Paris Exhibition. Th' women down be th' rollin'-mills 'll be sewin' flannels f'r th' disthressed millyonaires, an' whin th' childher kick about th' food, ye'll say, Hinnissy, 'Just think iv th' poor wretches in th' Lake Shore dhrive, an' thank Gawd f'r what ye have.' Th' Mayor 'll open soup-kitchens, where th' unforchnit people can come an' get a hearty meal an' watch th' ticker; an' whin th' season grows hard ye'll see pinched an' hungry plutocrats thrampin' th' sthreets with signs r-readin', 'Give us a cold bottle or we perish.' Perhaps th' polis 'll charge thim an' bust in their stovepipe hats, th' Prisidint 'll sind th' ar-rmy here, a conspiracy 'll be discovered at th' club to blow up th' poorhouse, an' volunteers 'll be called on fr'm th' nickel-bed houses to protect th' vested inthrests iv established poverty.

"'Twill be a chanst f'r us to get even, Hinnissy. I'm goin' to organize th' Return Visitin' Nurses' Association, composed entirely iv victims iv th' parent plant. 'Twill be worth lookin' at to see th' ladies fr'm th' stock-yards r-rushin' into some wretched home down in Peerary Avenue, grabbin' th' misthress iv th' house be th' shoulders an' makin' her change her onhealthy silk dhress f'r a pink wrapper, shovellin' in a little ashes to sprinkle on th' flure, breakin' th' furniture, an' rollin' th' baby in th' coal-box. What th' r-rich needs is intilligint attintion. 'Don't ate that oatmeal. Fry a nice piece iv r-round steak with onions, give th' baby th' bone to play with, an' sind Lucille Ernestine acrost th' railroad thrack f'r a nickel's worth iv beer. Thin ye'll be happy, me good woman.' Oh, 'twill be gran'. I won't give annything to people that come to th' dure. More har-m is done be indiscriminat charity than anny wan knows, Hinnissy. Half th' bankers that 'll come to ye'er kitchen nex' winter cud find plenty iv wurruk to do if they really wanted it. Dhrink an' idleness is th' curse iv th' class. If they come to me I'll sind thim to th' Paris Survivors' Mechanical Relief Association, an' they can go down an' set on a cake iv ice an' wait till th' man in charge finds thim a job managin' a diamond-mine."

Mr. Hennessy dismissed Mr. Dooley's fancy sketch with a grin, and remarked, "These here expositions is a gran' thing f'r th' progress iv th' wurruld."

"Ye r-read that in th' pa-apers," said Mr. Dooley, "an' it isn't so. Put it down fr'm me, Hinnissy, that all expositions is a blind f'r th' hootchy-kootchy dance. They'll be some gr-reat exhibits at th' Paris Fair. Th' man that has a machine that 'll tur-rn out three hundhred thousan' toothpicks iviry minyit 'll sind over his inthrestin' device; they'll be mountains iv infant food, an' canned prunes, an' pickle-casters, an' pants, an' boots, an' shoes, an' paintin's. They'll be all th' wondhers iv modhern science. Ye can see how shirts ar-re made, an' what gives life to th' sody-fountain. Th' man that makes th' glue that binds 'll be wearin' more medals thin an officer iv th' English ar-rmy or a cinchry bicycle-rider; an' years afther, whin ye see a box iv soap ye'll think iv th' manufacthrer standin' up befure a hundhred thousan' frinzied Fr-rinchmen in th' Boss du Boloney while th' Prisidint iv th' Fr-rinch places a goold wreath on his fair brow, an' says: 'In th' name iv th' ar-rts an' science, undher th' motto iv our people, "Libertinity, insanity, an' frugality," I crown ye th' champeen soap-maker iv th' wurruld.' (Cheers.) 'Be ye'er magnificint invintion ye have dhrawn closer th' ties between Paris an' Goshen, Indyanny' (frantic applause), 'which I hope will niver be washed away. I wish ye much success as ye climb th' lather iv fame.' Th' invintor is thin dhrawn ar-roun' th' sthreets iv Paris in a chariot pulled be eight white horses amid cries iv 'Veev Higgins!' 'Abase Castile!' et cethra, fr'm th' populace. An' manny a heart beats proud in Goshen that night. That's th' way ye think iv it, but it happens diff'rent, Hinnissy. Th' soap king, th' prune king, an' th' porous-plaster king fr'm here won't stir up anny tumult in Paris this year. Th' chances ar-re th' Prisidint won't know they're there, an' no wan 'll speak to thim but a cab-dhriver, an' he'll say, 'Th' fare fr'm th' Chang All Easy to th' Roo de Roo is eighteen thousan' francs, but I'll take ye there f'r what ye have in ye'er pockets.'

"Th' millyonaire that goes over there to see th' piled up riches iv th' wurruld in sausage-makin' 'll take a look ar-round him, an' he'll say to th' first polisman he meets, 'Gossoon, this is a fine show, an' I know yon palace is full to th' seams with chiny-ware an' wash-tubs, but wud ye be so kind, mong brav', as to pint out with ye'er club th' partic'lar house where th' houris fr'm th' Sultan's harem dances so well without th' aid iv th' human feet?' I know how it was whin we had th' fair here. I had th' best intintions in th' wurruld to find out what I ought to have larned fr'm me frind Armour—how, with th' aid iv Gawd-given machinery, ye can make a bedstead, a pianola, a dozen whisk-brooms, a bahrl iv sour-mash whiskey, a suit iv clothes, a lamp chimbly, a wig, a can iv gun-powdher, a bahrl iv nails, a Prisidintial platform, an' a bur-rd-cage out iv what remains iv th' cow; I was detarmined to probe into th' wondhers iv science, an' I started fair f'r th' Machinery Hall. Where did I bring up, says ye? In th' fr-ront seat iv a playhouse with me eye glued on a lady iv th' Sultan's coort, near Brooklyn Bridge, thryin' to twisht out iv hersilf.

"No, Hinnissy, they'll be manny things larned be Americans that goes to Paris, but they won't be about th' convarsion iv boots into food, or *vicey varsa*, as Hogan says. An' that's r-right. If I wint over there, 'tis little time I'd be spindin' thryin' to discover how th' wondhers iv mechanical janius are projooced that makes livin' so much more healthy an' oncomfortable. But whin I got to Paris I'd hire me a hack or a dhray painted r-red, an' I'd put me feet out th' sides, an' I'd say to th' dhriver: 'Rivolutionist, pint ye'er horse's head to'rds th' home iv th' skirt-dance, hit him smartly, an' go to sleep. I will see th' snow-plough show an' th' dentisthry wurruk in th' pa-apers. F'r th' prisint I'll devote me attintion to makin' a noise in th' sthreets an' studyin' human nature.'"

"Ye'd be a lively ol' buck over there," said Mr. Hennessy, admiringly. "'Tis a good thing ye can't go."

"It is so," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm glad I have no millyonaire rilitives to be depindent on me f'r support whin th' show's over."

F. P. DUNNE.

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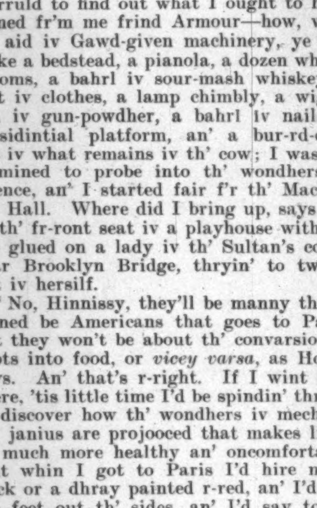

GEORGE DOUGLAS CAMPBELL,
Duke of Argyll.
Died April 24, 1900.

# *The World of Finance*

THE break in the stocks of the steel companies caused by the sudden announcement of the American Steel and Wire Company that it had shut down several of its mills, and the explanation of Chairman Gates that it was on account of a bad state of business produced by over-production and high prices, called attention somewhat sharply to the situation of the iron and steel industries of the country. Mr. Gates and his company were

(Continued on page 425.)

THE PLEASURE OF CYCLING
LIES IN THE SELECTION OF THE WHEEL YOU RIDE, AND THERE IS AN INDESCRIBABLE SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT YOUR WHEEL IS AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS.

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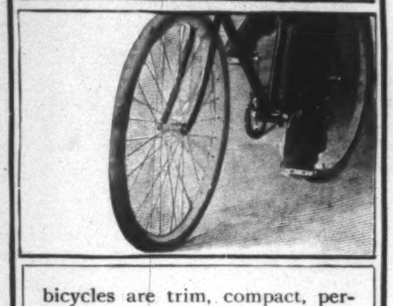

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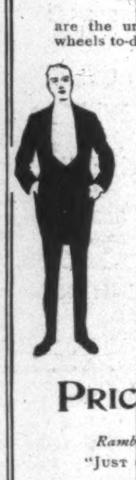

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(*Continued from page 424.*)

generally denounced for the manner in which their action was taken, which was said to have a stock-jobbing purpose. The mills had been working to their full capacity, while prices were pushed up to the highest notch, and unsold nails and wire accumulated. The business had been represented to be in a flourishing condition, giving the stocks a relatively high market value, when suddenly men were thrown out of employment by closing mills, and stockholders were alarmed, so that the shares fell precipitately to a lower level.

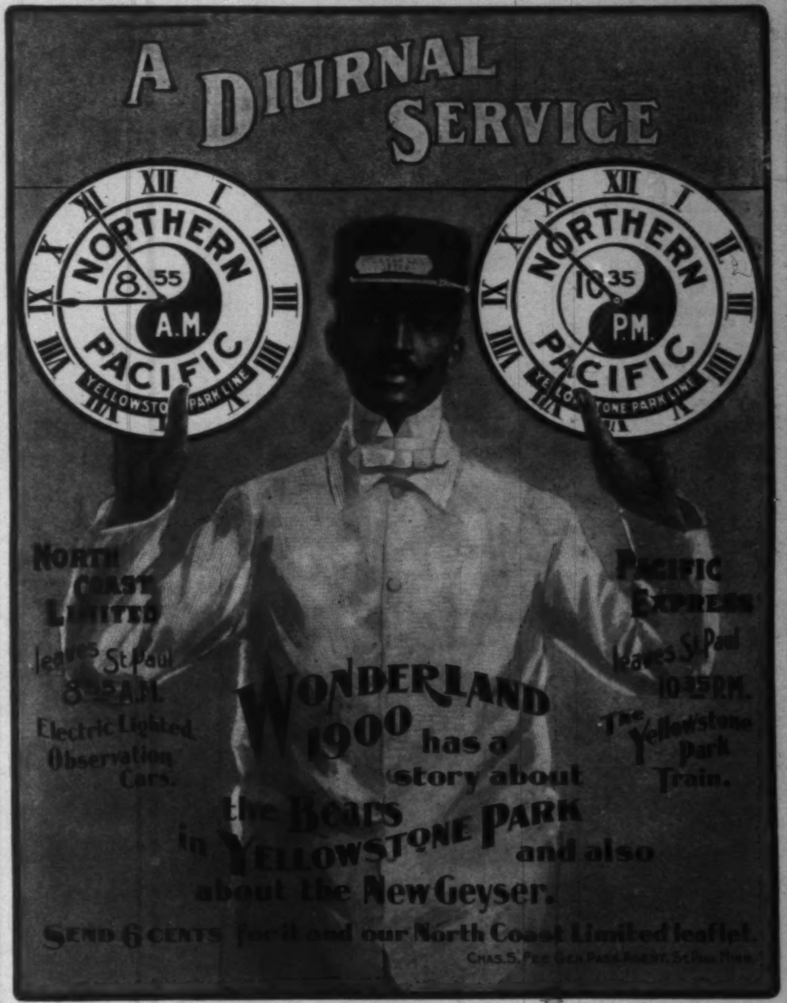
This certainly had a bad look, but it remained true that the Steel and Wire Company evidently had been overdoing and charging higher prices for its products than the market would stand, with the effect of checking the demand and compelling a reduction of prices, which was promptly made after the stock-jobbing stroke had accomplished its purpose. The Federal Steel Company had contracts for furnishing rods to the Steel and Wire Company, and it also had to curtail production at its Joliet works. Its shares were seriously affected, as were those of other steel companies and of the whole industrial list. Even railroad shares suffered out of sympathy, and under the influence of the ominous prediction of lessened business in iron and steel, and also out of the necessity of some operators to sell their railroad stocks to get the means to keep up their margins on "industrials." It did not take long for the market to recover its equanimity and realize that nothing very disastrous had happened, as general business appeared as prosperous as ever, and even the principal iron and steel establishments went on as if nothing had happened. It had to be admitted, however, that the activity and the high prices of the past year could not be kept up indefinitely. The phenomenal demands were becoming satisfied, and the unusual prices were causing railroads and builders in need of materials from the iron and steel works to hold back their orders and wait for easier terms. There will no doubt be a checking of speed to a normal rate and a lowering of prices to a moderate extent for the relief of other industries to which iron and steel products are a necessity. This will doubtless result in a gradual and salutary adjustment without disturbing the flourishing state of business in general. There will still be liberal returns for capital employed in the "basic industry," though possibly less speculating upon future development.

There is no sign of falling off in the business of railroads or in the activity of industry and trade in general. All reports continue to be full of promise, and the prospects of the year's crops are beginning to be cheerfully canvassed. It is a welcome indication that the Presidential campaign is not likely to be seriously disturbing.

The New York money-market has continued in a state of unusual ease, with rates for loans low, while those abroad are relatively high. The banks have continued to gain in their reserves on account of payments of the government for premiums on refunded bonds and the quarterly disbursements for pensions, while circulation has increased and loans and deposits expanded. Call loans are made mostly at 3 per cent. or lower, and money can be had for sixty or ninety days on good collateral at 3½, while in London the regular discount rate is 4 per cent., and in the open market more is charged. One result of this situation has been speculation, or "investment," in bills of exchange, and the lifting of exchange rates to nearly the level that would give profit to the shipment of gold. There have been symptoms of an impending gold movement from New York to London, notwithstanding that we still have a trade balance in our favor of about $45,000,000 a month, and more of our securities appear to be bought for foreign holders than are sold for them. This is accounted for by the fact that gold is abundant in this country, while the supply is somewhat restricted in Europe, and by the difference in the rates for money, which is calculated to draw from this side to the other. The Bank of England could at any time draw gold from our supplies by a slight advance in the price per ounce for eagles and bars, if there were any strenuous need, and it has probably refrained from an assurance that there was no occasion to anticipate the need, and a hope that there would be normal remittances before long on account of the state of the exchange market.

Conditions abroad have remained without substantial change, with a generally conservative spirit prevailing, caused largely by the situation in London, due to the effects of the South-African war, which seems as far as ever from a conclusion. Apart from the little flurry in steel and its stock-market effect, things have kept an even tenor here, with the tendency still toward consolidation and combination. The merging of the State Trust Company into the Morton Trust Company and of the National Union Bank into the Bank of Commerce has been finally effected.

A. K. FISKE.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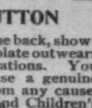

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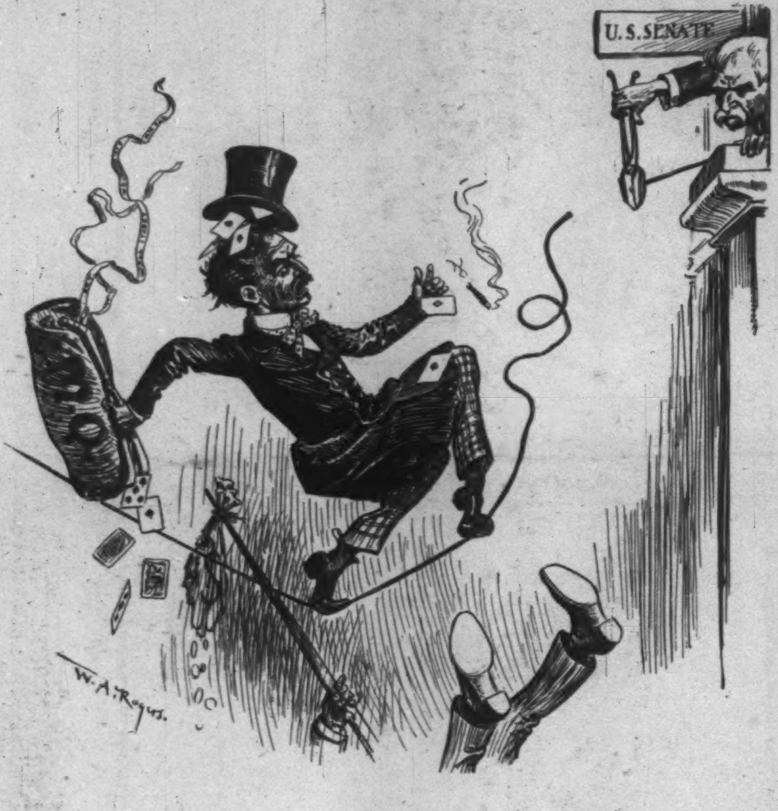

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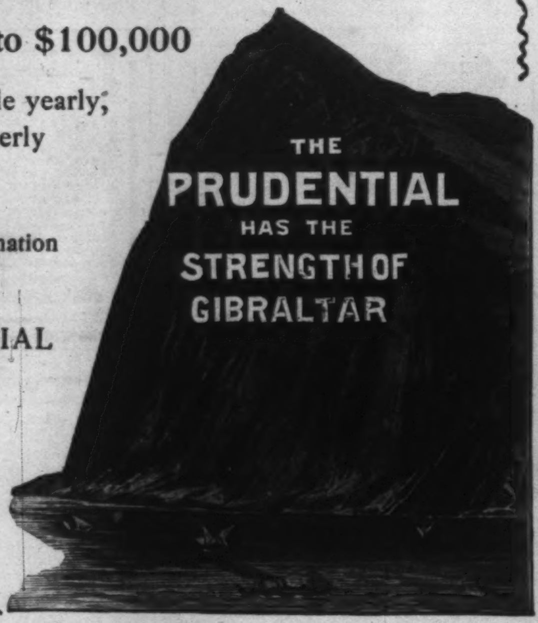

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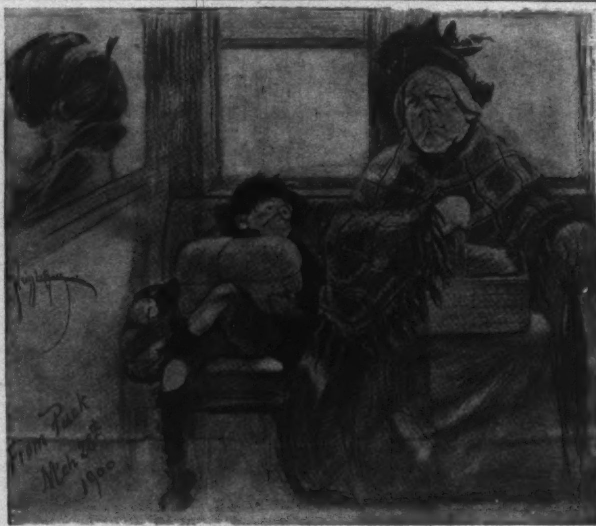

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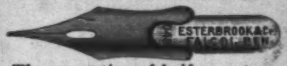

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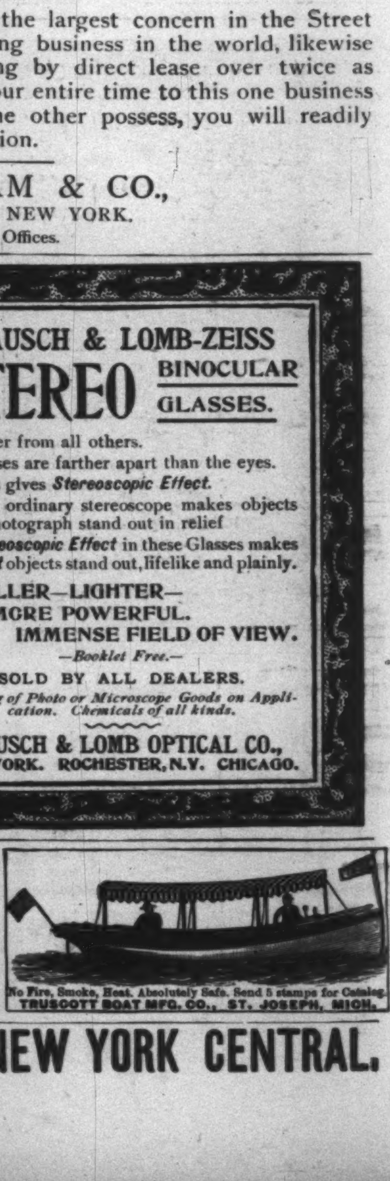

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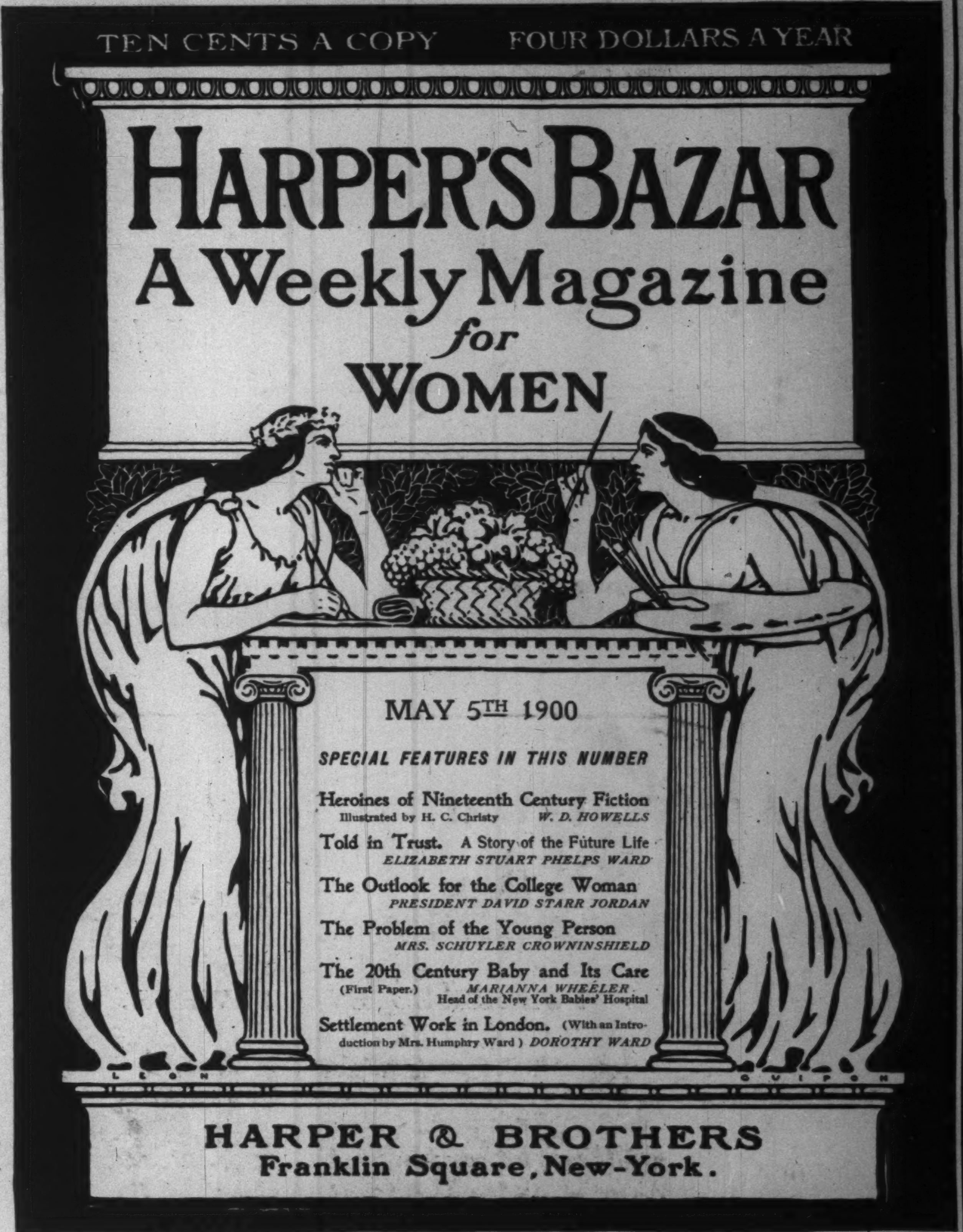

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